

Dodgers



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MANY ARE CALLED-NINE ARE CHOSEN



Dodgers

1951 YEARBOOK

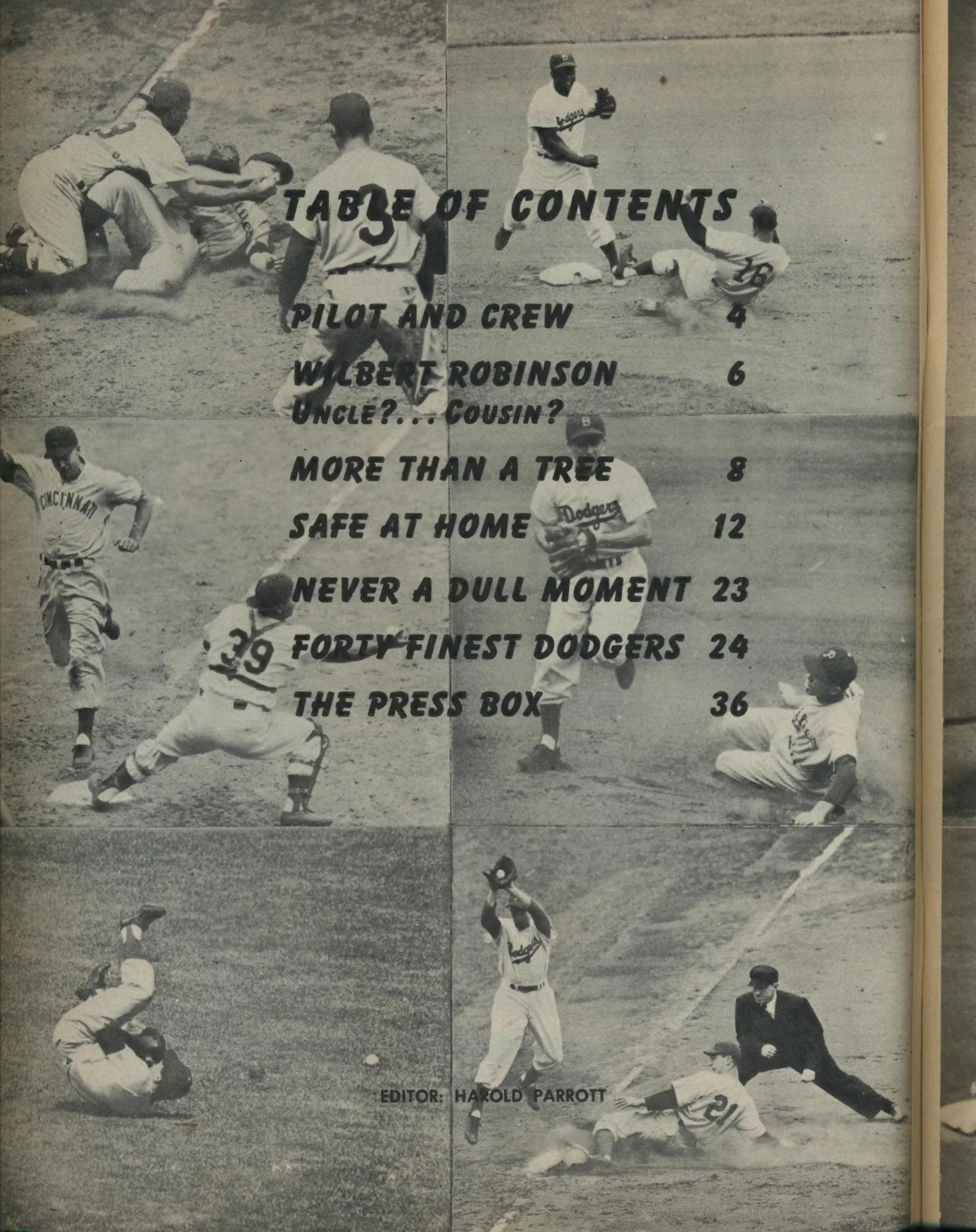


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EDITOR: HAROLD PARROTT



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AND HAPPY**

BROOKLYN'S BEST

FEBRUARY IN FLORIDA 45

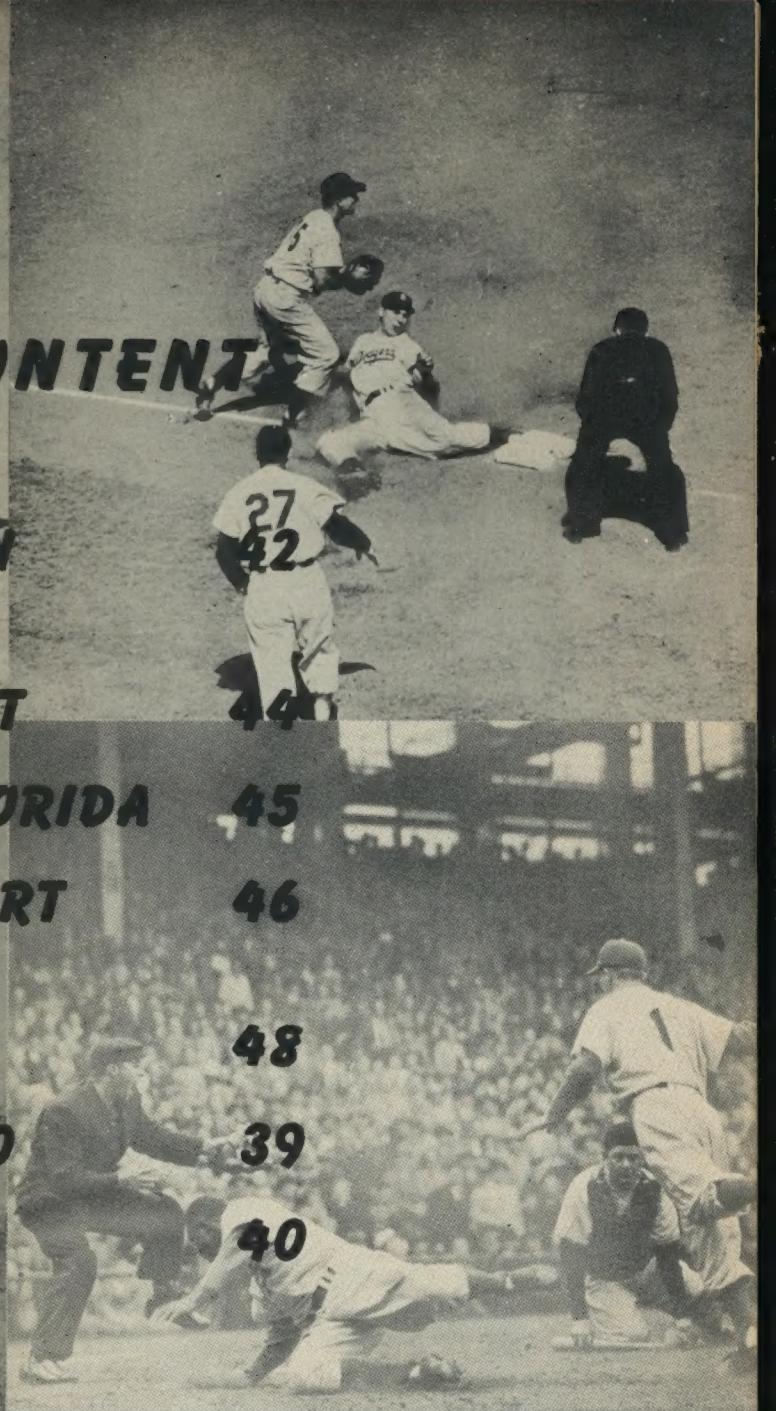
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PILOT AND CREW



The Whistler: Chirping CHARLEY DRESSEN.

A stand-out stand-in for Durocher when The Loud One was playing In-Again-Out-Again-Finnegan with his manager's job under MacPhail and Rickey, Charley Dressen emerges now from the Ebbets wings with legitimate No. 1 billing. No stranger he, treading the dugout duckboards in Flatbush. Known he is and known he will be by his whistle on traffic duty in his usual third-base coaching box, and by his familiar Lucky Number Seven.

Strange it is too, that at Dressen's elbow now stands still another stand-in: Clyde Sukeforth, who popped out front twice as momentary manager of the Dodgers while they were shifting scenes backstage. Managing, says the Man from Maine, is heady stuff, to be endured in only one or two-day swigs. He wants none of it.

Quite the opposite of Sukeforth, Dressen did yearn for this job as field marshal of the darlings of the Greatest Town on Earth. Yet elude him it

did, like soap in the bathtub. Charley had it in his hand perhaps a dozen times, placed there by MacPhail, who fired Durocher almost daily, sometimes twice on Sundays. Yet by every nightfall Manager Dressen—who had piloted the Reds for MacPhail in Cincinnati—was back at second fiddle in the raucous Flatbush Symphony and Mr. Nine-Lives Durocher was back on the podium again, baton and team well in hand.

Promoted he was from Coach to Manager by Branch Rickey. This one stuck for eight hours, but peeled off again as Leo talked his way back and Dressen, who was always loyal to Lippy and never made a play for the job, wound up again that night as coach.

This, then, is Charley Dressen: A great competitor, a fast thinker, wily leader, one who dotes on

HUSTLE. Never endowed with a championship set of muscles, he got there with a busy brain, a lot of heart.

A pro football player with the Chicago Staleys (Daddies of the Chicago Bears) and an infielder in the minor and major leagues for 19 years, no shrinking violet is Chuck. Five-foot six, blue eyes, brown hair, Irish-German, cheerful by nature until he stops to think what One Word—MacPhail—has meant to him.

Followed he MacPhail into—and out of—three big jobs: 1, Cincinnati, where he managed, helped build the Red team that won 1939-1940 pennants after he left on MacPhail's heels; 2, Brooklyn, where he coached from 1939 through 1946 ex-

His assistants in this latter department, outside of Sukeforth, who has been on the Dodger scene since 1932, are Jake Pitler and Harry Lavagetto.

Lavagetto, it was, of course, who did smite one of the biggest blows in Brooklyn baseball history—a two-out, pinch-hit double in the last of the ninth in an incipient no-hitter being woven against the Dodgers by Yankee Bill Bevins.

Pitler, first base coach under Durocher and Shotton and a great morale man around the club, managed for years in the minors, and prepped many of the current Dodger stars in Class D.

There, the players travel in busses. Called in by Branch Rickey for an accounting of his stewardship at some whistle-stop in the Brooklyn chain, Pitler



SUKEFORTH



PITLER



LAVAGETTO

cept for period between Nov. 1942 and July 1943, when he tangled with Branch Rickey, the MacPhailian successor in Brooklyn; and 3, the Yankees, where he coached for Bucky Harris, 1947-48, and had assurance of Yankee managing job when Harris was to move (upstairs). That, too, changed abruptly when MacPhail moved (out).

Dressen is known in the trade as a slick strategist, a signal-stealing smoothie, a top technician who can straighten out sputtering, mis-firing pitchers, and a home-made psychologist who can juggle temperament and handle men.

enumerated the virtues and faults of 14 of his athletes. The fifteenth, and last one, he blushingly admitted to Rickey, couldn't hit.

"Can he throw?" said B. R. "No, sir," said Pitler.

"Can he run?" asked the Mahatma, hopefully. The answer, for the third time, was no.

"Judas Priest," said Rickey, "Why do we keep him on the team, Jake?"

"Well sir," stammered Pitler, "He's the only one old enough to drive the bus!"

WILBERT ROBINSON—UNCLE?

by HAROLD C. BURR

Brooklyn Daily Eagle

Who was the best-known manager the Dodgers ever had?

Leo Durocher? We-I-II, no. Casey Stengel? Wrong again! Ned Hanlon? Burt Shotton? Sorry!

Oh, you didn't say BEST, you said BEST-KNOWN! Most talked-about? Well, that would be Wilbert Robinson, without a doubt.

Okay, but why did they call the Falstaffian old fellow Uncle Robbie? The way he managed, he was more like a Cousin . . . a cousin to the rest of the league.

He managed the Robins with all of Brooklyn at his elbow . . . the waiters in Joe's, the cop on the beat, the guy who ran the newsstand at the corner. Maybe, come to think of it, that's why he was Uncle to everybody. Uncle Robbie. Yes, it fits, all right!

He was a simple, earthy creature. To him, baseball was a game involving a baseball, a bat, and a glove. The rest of it . . . the science, the percentages, the strategy . . . that was a lot of malarkey.

Let Andy High, now chief Dodger scout, tell that one. "When I first broke in under Uncle Robbie as a kid, I figured I'd learn a lot of inside baseball," Andy laughed. "The first day I reported at Clearwater, Florida, I watched him like a hawk, waited for his every word. What did he do? Why, he just waddled out to the pitcher's mound, turned a big leather pouch full of baseballs upside down, and wheezed: 'There are the balls. Let's start practice'. That's all there was to it. Not another thing. I learned right then that on Uncle Robbie's Dodgers it was every man for himself, as we say."

Robbie's sense of humor was sometimes crude. But he was always human, and he would chuckle and blandly ignore the barbs if the laugh was on him.

Like the time he formed the "Bonehead Club" on the Dodgers. Every perpetrator of a rockhead play was to contribute ten dollars to the club fund.

The first contributor should have been Robbie himself, for that very afternoon he handed a wrong lineup to the umpire.

When somebody reminded him of the ten bucks he owed the "Bonehead Club", he snorted: "We'll have no more of that. That stuff is for schoolboys!"



Falstaff of Dodgers and Baseball's Big Stick: UNCLE ROBBIE and JUDGE LANDIS.

....COUSIN?

Every morning while the team was in town Wilbert Robinson had breakfast at Joe's famous restaurant. He would tuck his napkin up under his three chins and address his cereal, eggs and coffee with gusto. He made friends of all the waiters who gathered around his table, discussing the ball club, asking their advice. Uncle Robbie wouldn't have dreamed of starting a pitcher in the game that afternoon without consulting Jack Sheehan, one of his favorite waiters. If Sheehan told him that Buzz McWeeney was ready, McWeeney became the manager's choice.

Although you may think he ran the team like a musical comedy, Robbie, in his 17 years at the Flatbush helm, in the span from 1914 through 1931, produced two pennant winners. He lost the 1916 World Series to the Red Sox. The Indians beat him, too, in 1920.

In each Series Robbie was the goggle-eyed victim of sensational feats—Babe Ruth's 14-inning pitching classic with the Red Sox, the longest series game ever played before or since, Bill Wambsganss' unassisted triple play—the only one in history—and Elmer Smith's grand slam home run, the first in Series' play, for the Indians.

He had some fine ball players in Jake Daubert, Zack Wheat, Casey Stengel, Jimmy Johnston, Ed Konetchy, Hi Meyers, Tommy Griffith, Ivy Olson, Otto Miller, Rube Bressler, Babe Herman. But he prided himself on his pitchers—Nap Rucker, Dazzy Vance, Rube Marquard, Sherry Smith, Al Mamaux, Burleigh Grimes, Clarence Mitchell and Van Mungo. Perhaps his success with his pitching went back to his catching days with the Old Baltimore Orioles.

His pet Dodgers were Vance, Herman and Bressler. He could lose eight straight, Vance could be knocked out in his last four mound appearances, and Herman and Bressler and Wheat could fall into terrific batting slumps, but Robbie's confidence in the trio was unshakable. He would wheezingly predict victory on the morrow. "Daz'll shut 'em out," he'd bellow, or maybe he'd express the hope—so often unfulfilled—that Babe, or Rube, or Zack would "hit one."

To Ma, always the attentive listener, he'd say, "We're not so bad off—the Giants lost today, didn't they?" quite overlooking the fact that McGraw was up in first place and pennant-bound while the

Dodgers were exercising squatter rights to sixth position—the old Dodger stamping ground of those dear, daffy, departed days.

Robinson knew Vance, Herman and Bressler, but he had no better memory for names on his own club than Ruth had on the Yankees. Al Lopez he always called his little Spanish catcher and Lefty Heimach was known to the boss as Hemlock. There's the old one about the day he wanted to play Oscar Roettger in the outfield, and was making out the lineup for the umpires. He was doing pretty well until he got down to Roettger and found out he had no conception of the spelling.

He muttered to himself in the corner of the dugout while the game was being held up, chewing his pencil down to its nub.

"Rut—rut—rut," he kept repeating in desperation. "Oh hell! I guess I'll play Dick Cox."

Robbie could have signed Frankie Frisch for nothing, and Lou Gehrig for \$1,000 cash. Each came over to Ebbets Field for separate tryouts. He quickly turned thumbs down on the Fordham Flash after watching him making those diving stops of ground balls over second.

"He isn't a ball player—he's an actor-bat," was his damning dictum on Frisch, and Gehrig's asking price scandalized him. "Who does that college swell-head think he is, anyway, wanting \$1,000?" he demanded of the world at large. "Let him go back to his books and see if he can earn that much as a ribbon clerk when he graduates."

And the speaker gave his gargantuan chuckle.

Robbie would be lost in the mazes of the modern game. It's a pity his bewildered old ghost can't come back to earth for a visit so he could wander around Vero Beach. I think all of us would like to hear his observations on the pitching machines, the strings that make up the strike zone, the stationary ball, and the various other gimmicks introduced by Branch Rickey.

They would frighten his wraith half to death. I'm sure that he wouldn't believe half of what he saw. Nevertheless, it's nice to think of him back on his distant star, talking over with the Little Napoleon the strange sights he had seen. It would be interesting to listen to his comments and the uproarious laughter of the gods on Olympus. Alas, that's not for mortal ears.

MORE THAN A TREE...

BASEBALL GREW IN BROOKLYN, TOO

Stuffy historians, armed with textbooks, tell us the National League has now become 75 years old and that Brooklyn, the last to enter, has been in the league (Ah there, Mr. Will Terry!) for 50 years.

Brooklyn the LAST? Why, it never happened! Listen, Chumley, Brooklyn has never been anything but FIRST in anything connected with the growth of baseball!

Didn't you know that the box score was invented in Brooklyn that the first enclosed ballpark was built here that the first "curved ball" was pitched in a game in Brooklyn that it was in our town that the first baseball slide was slid?

Now that you mention it, Chum, WHO got the first baseball together with the first bat WHEN did it happen, and WHERE?

The quiz-program answer would have to be, of course: Abner Doubleday, Cooperstown, N. Y., 1839.

But don't you believe it!

Fact is, they were playing a rude kind of game with bats and balls in Brooklyn long before that.

"Rude," says you, "What does the man mean?"

Come to think of it, Brooklyn baseball, which has given our language the authentic word "rhubarb", (to wit: ruckus, squabble, mixup) was adult enough to incubate one of same about the very time Mr. Doubleday was supposed to have had the Great American Pastime in its swaddling clothes up in Cooperstown!



SQUIRE CHARLEY EBBETS
Ticket-seller to President

It was a riot, and it broke up a game the Excelsiors, of Brooklyn, were playing the Atlantics for the championship.

The Excelsiors had just come back from the first "road trip" in baseball history. They were pretty hot. They won games in Albany, Troy, Utica, Buffalo and Rochester they cleaned up touring Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania.

Winning was old stuff to these early ancestors of the Dodgers probably before Mr. Doubleday had ever gotten to first base.

You don't believe it? Well, we give you Frank Menke, probably the best sports historian of our time, or any other time: "Doubleday probably never played baseball in his entire lifetime. The game

EARLY BROOKLYN BOX SCORE. "Hands out", not innings. Baseball-minded ECKFORD CLUB still thrives in Brooklyn

ECKFORD BASE BALL CLUB.

FIFTH	PITCHER	NAMES	HANDS OUT										RUNS	REMARKS
			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
1 65	Marcell	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
2 6	W. Mills	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
3 7	Scottine	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
4 3 3	W. O.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	
5 4 6	Bravandell	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	
6 2 3	A. Mills	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	
7 1 3	Kline	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
8 6 5	Snyder	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
9 5 6	Black	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
			0	3	0	0	1	0	1	3	0	8		

ATLANTIC ECKFORD BASE BALL CLUB.

FIFTH	PITCHER	NAMES	HANDS OUT										RUNS	REMARKS
			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
1 18	Place	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
2 3 13	W. J. Smith	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
3 1 3	Start	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
4 1 6	G. Chapman	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
5 1 5	Yelton	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
6 2 3	Brine	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
7 1 3	Pratt	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	
8 1 5	S. J. Smith	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	
9 1 6	Porter	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	
			0	3	4	0	2	6	10	6	0	4	35	
			Runs each inning											

Brooklyn, Oct 13th 1865

Game commenced 1/2 past 3 o'clock

13 runs
K. H. Morris
Capt. J. L. L. Morris
Score

Brooklyn, Oct 13 1865

1865

1865

was an established sport long before 1839, and the chances are the villagers of Cooperstown never knew what a baseball looked like until the Civil War or afterwards."

Meanwhile, they were playing the game all along the Atlantic Seaboard. The first "Association" of teams had 24 clubs in it, and no less than nine of these were from Brooklyn!

Other Brooklyn baseball "firsts" were:

The first enclosed baseball park, called the Capitoline Grounds, at Marcy Ave. and Heyward St. in 1862.

The first "curved ball", pitched in competition by "Candy" Cummings for the Brooklyn Stars, against the Atlantics, at the Capitoline Grounds. Scientists of the time insisted 'twarn't so. The ball-players said it curved.

The first slide, engineered by Eddie Cuthbert, who arrived, mustache-first, at second base in a game at the Capitoline Grounds. The legality of this maneuver was questioned, and finally upheld.

The first box score, invented by Henry "Father" Chadwick, first baseball writer the Brooklyn Eagle ever had (circa 1840).

The first professional team arrived on the Brooklyn scene in 1883 when Charles H. Byrne built a ballpark on the approximate spot where Washington fought the Battle of Long Island. The team was dubbed the Dodgers because its fans got much of their physical exercise dodging trolleys which had just been installed in the area, and which were considered a menace.

In 1884 Byrne moved his Dodgers to the strong American Association and decided that they were ready for the National League after they annexed the Association title in 1889.

Any doubts the other National League clubs might have had about the ability of the newcomer were dispelled promptly when the Dodgers romped off with the pennant in 1890. Brooklyn hero of the year was a handsome right-handed hurler, Bill (Adonis) Terry, no relation to the unlamented Dodger foe of nearly a half century later.

Brooklyn baseball fortunes sank to a low ebb for a number of years, and the park was moved to East New York, but one bright spot in the picture was the rapid rise of a young man named Charles H. Ebbets. He joined the club as a ticket-seller and his talents were soon recognized and in 1898, when Byrne died, Ebbets was elected president of the organization.

Ebbets built a new and better Washington Park. He also discovered the hard way that he wasn't a manager by handling the managerial duties during '98. The following year, he brought in one of the great managers of the game's early days, Ned Hanlon. Hanlon had led the famed Baltimore Orioles and brought along some of his finest players including Wee Willie Keeler, Hughie Jennings and Joe Kelly. The squad already had Bill Dahlen, Fielder Jones and Doc Casey, and the fiery Hanlon



STEVE McKEEVER
Iron hat, soft heart

Did these early birds beat Mr. Doubleday to the bat and ball in Brooklyn?





VAN LINGLE MUNGO
One of the Daffiness boys

had no trouble in steering this crew to the title. He added an immortal moundsman "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity in 1900 and McGinnity pitched the team to its second successive flag, winning five games in six days and frequently bowling both ends of doubleheaders.

Misfortune came again in 1901 when the American League was created and the new league raided the Dodgers, luring stars like McGinnity and Lave Cross with big bundles of cash. However, the year was not without distinction in Brooklyn since Wild Bill Donovan issued 151 bases on balls, still a Dodger record, even including Rex Barney.

The Dodger-Giant rivalry was spawned in this era, and any time the New Yorkers invaded Washington Park the police were kept busy breaking up constant clashes between the partisans. The opposing outfields had to be on guard against missiles hurled at them by the more demonstrative of the faithful.

Tim Jordan joined the club in 1906, and Nap Rucker, discovered in Georgia by Grantland Rice, arrived in 1907. Zack Wheat checked in in 1909, and stayed around till 1926, compiling a life-time batting average of .317.

Ebbets Field was opened on April 5, 1913, after the McKeever brothers, Edward and Stephen, had purchased a half interest in the club in order to finance the construction. An excited mob of 25,000 poured through the gates to watch Nap Rucker throttle the Giants, 3 to 2.

Then came Wilbert Robinson. Uncle Robbie had caught for Baltimore in its heyday and later coached the Giants for John McGraw. He was to remain for nearly 20 years. Scout Larry Sutton, one of the greatest in the annals of the game, scoured the countryside and Ebbets bid high for talent. By 1916, Robbie was a Brooklyn fixture, and fans were calling his team the Robins. He had assembled a club which combined confidence and determination with the knack of letting its hair down once the game ended. There were pitchers like Rucker, Rube Marquard, Jeff Pfeffer, Larry Cheney and Jack Coombs and such key regulars as Jake Daubert, Casey Stengel, Chief Meyers and Ivy Olson. They beat off two rushes by the hated Giants and breezed across the finish line in front of the pack. In the World Series, however, they succumbed to the Boston Red Sox in five games, Babe Ruth pitching one of the winning games against them.

The Robins went into a tailspin in 1917, when World War I had its beginning. The club sank into the second division and stayed there during a period of re-building. Burleigh Grimes, a talented young spitball pitcher, was added.

In 1920 the Brooklyn Club climbed back up the ladder. Robbie didn't have a great team, but it was a sound one, and the pitching staff of Marquard, Grimes, Sherrod Smith and Leon Cadore made it a tough opponent in any given series. The Robins looked forward to winning their first World Series, but again their hopes were dashed as Tris Speaker's Cleveland Indians, trailing two games to one, swept the last four of a best-five-out of nine game set. A turning point came when Clarence Mitchell hit into a triple play which Shortstop Billy Wambsganss brought off for the Indians unassisted.

As usual the Robins couldn't stand success, and retired to the second division. The most noteworthy event of these lean years was the arrival of Arthur "Dazzy" Vance in the spring of 1922. Ebbets wanted Catcher Hank DeBerry, but took Vance with him in a package deal from New Orleans when Scout Larry Sutton told him that Dazzy's years in the minors had made him an accomplished hurler. Suddenly Ebbets realized he had purchased a great pitcher as Vance's fast ball made him the strikeout king of the major leagues.

In 1924 the team started out as usual, but midway through the season began to win. The mighty

Giants had to battle desperately to stave off the on-rushing Brooklyns at the wire. Vance and Grimes had great years and Jacques Fournier led the circuit in home runs with 27.

Topsy-turvy years followed, with Ebbets, the McKeevers and Robinson leaving the scene they had dominated so long. These were the years of the Daffiness boys—Babe Herman, Lefty O'Doul, Van Lingle Mungo—and a rapid turnover of managers who had been Dodger heroes in their playing days—Max Carey, Casey Stengel and Burleigh Grimes. Herman and O'Doul performed prodigious feats with their bats, but are remembered for their antics.

It was in '34 that Bill Terry asked whether Brooklyn was still in the league, and roused the wrath of the Dodgers to such a pitch that they knocked the Giants out of first place with victories at the Polo Grounds the last two days of the campaign.

Finally Larry MacPhail was employed as general manager on January 19, 1938. He ushered in a turbulent era, which saw the launching of a farm system, flamboyant publicity pitches and promotions and ultimate success on the diamond.

His first major move was to buy Dolph Camilli from the Phillies, and then to supplant Burleigh Grimes as manager with Leo Durocher. Hugh Casey was drafted from Memphis and Whitlow Wyatt purchased from Milwaukee. Dixie Walker was picked up on waivers from Detroit in 1939.

In June of '40, Joe Medwick and Curt Davis

came in a big deal with St. Louis Cardinals. Fred Fitzsimmons made a comeback after being dropped by the Giants, and additional purchases of Kirby Higbe from the Phils and Mickey Owen from the Cardinals in the fall of '40 and Billy Herman in May of '41 plus the acquiring of Peewee Reese from Louisville and the harvesting of the first farm products, Pete Reiser and Ed Head, set the stage for the pennant-winning drive of 1941.

The older stars started to fade in '42, and Pete Reiser's attempt to run through the centerfield fence while in pursuit of a fly ball further weakened the club to enable the St. Louis Cardinals to pass the Dodgers in the stretch.

With World War II in view, Larry MacPhail departed for the Army and Branch Rickey came on from St. Louis to engineer a rebuilding job which paid off with pennants in 1947 and 1949, after the team had tied the Cardinals for the title and lost in the playoff of the unprecedented 1946 race. Jackie Robinson was the most valuable player and batting champion of '49.

It was second place again in 1950, but the Dodgers put on a sensational finish to carry the Philadelphia Phillies to the last day of the season only to lose in the tenth inning in one of the most spectacular contests of all time.

What'll be done IN FIFTY-ONE? Who knows? Something new and nothing dull, that's for sure. It's always been that way in Brooklyn baseball!

"OL' DAZ'LL STOP 'EM AN' OL' BABE'LL HIT ONE"
Uncle Robbie's Stalwarts, Dazzy Vance, Babe Herman



SAFE AT HOME



Home plate is really in no danger here as sure-handed DUKE SNIDER takes toss from wife BEVERLY.

Big Gil was looking for the curve that day in Shibe Park, and the Phillies' pitcher got the fast one by him for strike three.

"Whatta bum that Hodges is!" shouted a Phil fan.

A girl sitting behind the Dodger dugout jumped up, her eyes flashing. "That's how little you know!" she snapped. "He's the best first baseman in the game. Doesn't he always lead in fielding, and in double plays? And that day he hit four home runs . . ."

"Wait a minute," said the flabbergasted Phil fan, who hadn't expected a rebuttal, much less from such a charming quarter. "Wait a minute! How come you know so much about this Hodges, sister?"

"Well," she said, stamping her foot, "I ought to. I married him."

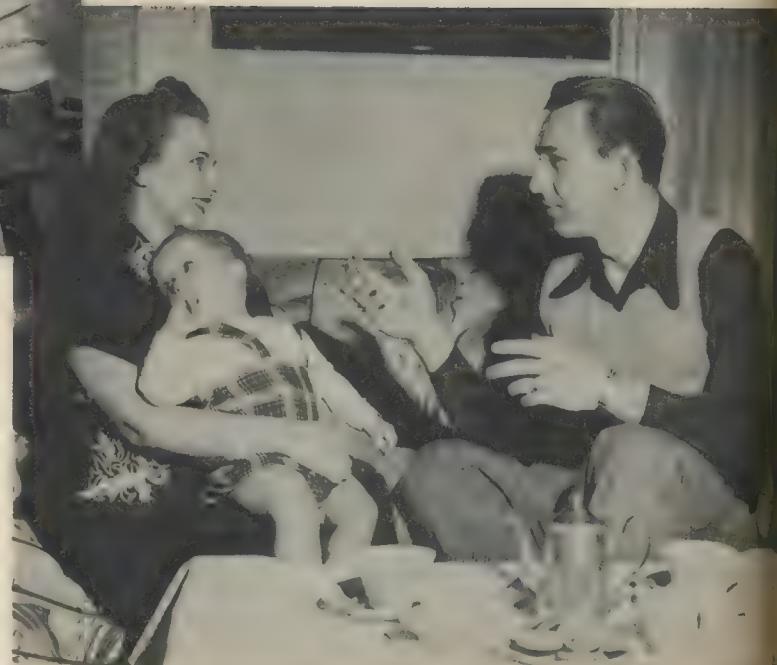
"Pardon me, lady," said the heckler, doffing his hat in his embarrassment.

Thereupon he turned his fire on other Dodgers. One of these was Pee-wee Reese, who happened to make one of his rare errors.

"You're through, Reese," bellowed our friend, "You'll be back in Montreal nex' year!"

At the game's end, the leather-lunged fan said goodbye to Mrs. Hodges. "You an' yer Dodgers had a tough time today," he said, sympathetically. "By the way, who is your friend?" He indicated a startlingly pretty girl who was writing in the last of the game totals in her big, wide scorebook.

"That," said Joan Hodges with a glare, "Is Mrs. Reese, whose husband you have been blasting all afternoon!"



Two Gils and a gal: GIL HODGES, son Gil and wife, JOAN.

"I'm sorry," said the fan, "Wyncha tell me, an' I'd'a' shut up?"

Dotty Reese turned a captivating smile on her husband's tormentor. "Honestly," she said, "I don't mind it a bit, after all these years!" She and Pee-wee look like college kids, but they have been in this league 10 years!

Dotty Reese—and Jackie Banta, the pitcher's wife, a long-stemmed Kansas beauty—look a good deal alike, and are close friends. They would have the advertising agencies goggle-eyed, if they agreed to work as models.

Wives—the cheerful kind who encourage hubby when he comes home after getting the horse-collar—can be an important part of a team's success.



One walk he liked! Pitcher ERV PALICA, who used to be bothered by walking people, strolls happily up aisle with wife, FLORENCE.

sent to the minors, how many times she has made helpful suggestions — well, it just couldn't be computed.

Many wives play star roles in a team's success. In 1949 Jackie Robinson, who later won this vital game with a big basehit, was about to be thrown out of it in the early innings, for fighting with an umpire.

Suddenly Robinson stopped arguing, and trotted to his position.

At the end of the inning Jackie couldn't resist telling the umpire! "It wasn't you who won that argument. It was my wife who made me quit!"

The umpire thought Jackie was going crazy. Mrs. Robinson hadn't even been within earshot!

Robbie later explained that Rachel, his charming wife (she took a college course in interior decorating, later did their entire home) had warned him that if he persisted in arguing with umpires, she would get up, leave the ballpark—and never come back to another game.

"Just as I was about to holler," Jack laughed, "I caught sight of Rae in the stands. I bit my tongue, I stayed in the game, she stayed at the game, and —we won the pennant that year!"

Never under-estimate the power of a woman, chum!

Daddy hit that one a mile! RACHEL ROBINSON and little JACKIE go into ecstasies over a game-winning hit.

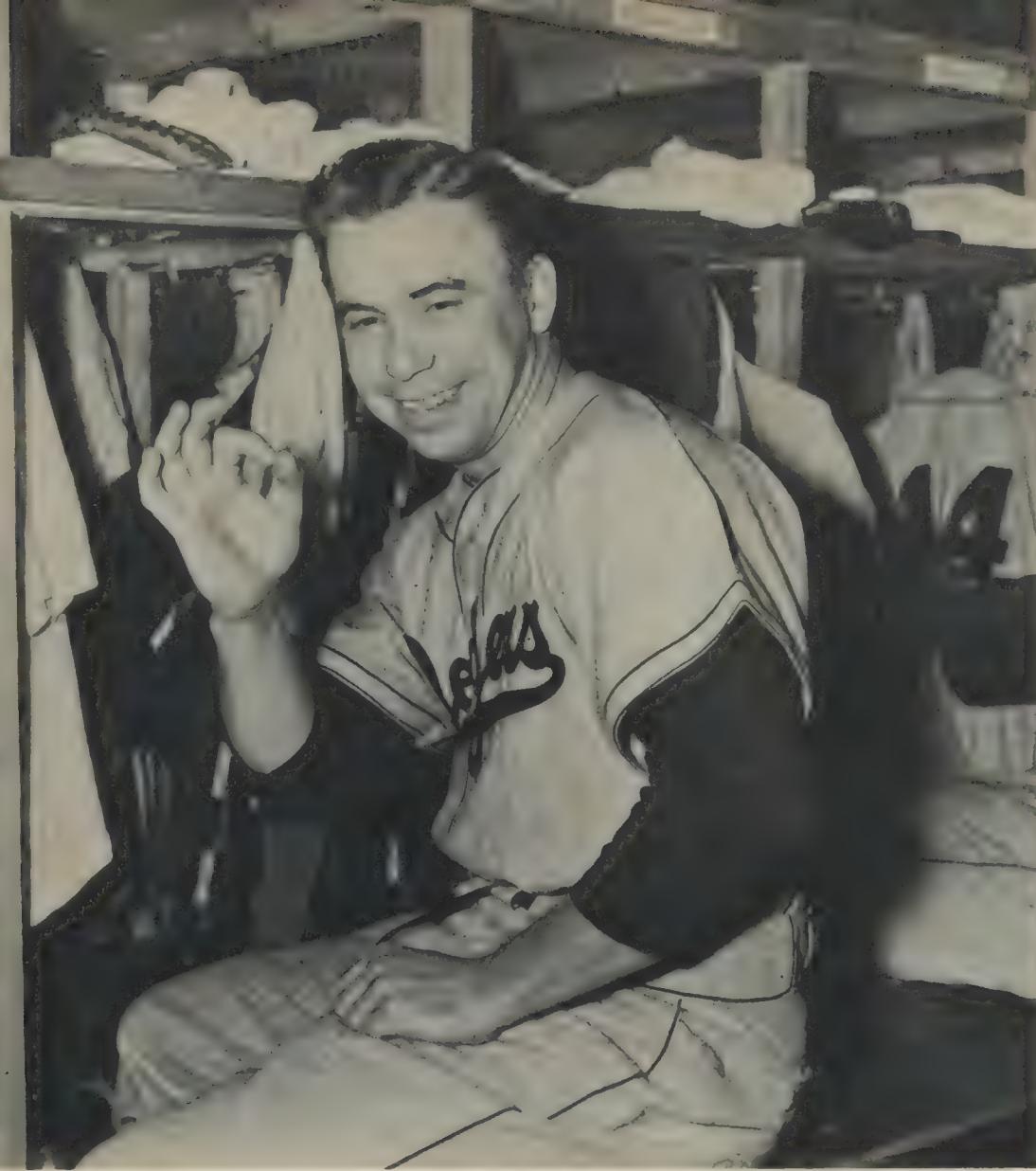
They splashed onto front pages. When this quintet of lovely Dodger wives lined up at poolside in Vero Beach, every paper in the country used the picture. Left to right: MRS. ERSKINE, MRS. BANTA, MRS. REESE, MRS. BARNEY and MRS. MORGAN.

Or—they can drive a manager crazy, if they are the kind who insist on helping run the club, bar-gain for their husband at contract time, or so on. Many a player has been traded—because of his wife.

Some ballclubs are forced to give players' wives widely-separated seats, so that they will not wrangle with each other about why Joe kicked one behind their Charley, and cost the game. That hasn't happened in Brooklyn and one reason is—Dotty Reese.

Dotty, who keeps the play-by-play box score of every Dodger game, has done team spirit a world of good on the Dodgers. How much she has encouraged the wives of young players about to be





LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	141	531	138	11	52	17	.260
1949	Brooklyn	National	155	617	172	16	73	26	.279
1948	Brooklyn	National	151	566	155	9	75	25	.274
1947	Brooklyn	National	142	476	135	12	73	7	.284
1946	Brooklyn	National	152	542	154	5	60	10	.284
1942	Brooklyn	National	151	564	144	3	53	15	.255
1941	Brooklyn	National	152	595	136	2	46	10	.229
1940	Brooklyn	National	84	312	85	5	28	15	.272
1939	Louisville	American Assoc.	149	506	141	4	57	35	.279
1938	Louisville	American Assoc.	138	483	134	3	54	23	.277

—Led league.

(In Service 1943-1945)

An important Dodger developed an even more-important ache in the middle of a most-important series last season.

The manager wanted him to play. "Sorry," said the injured one, "can't make it today. Hurts too bad!"

"He'll prob'ly be out a week," gloomed Preacher Roe, who liked to have this jackrabbit scooting behind him when he pitched gobbling up hard-hit balls.

Just then the Captain came by, and noticed

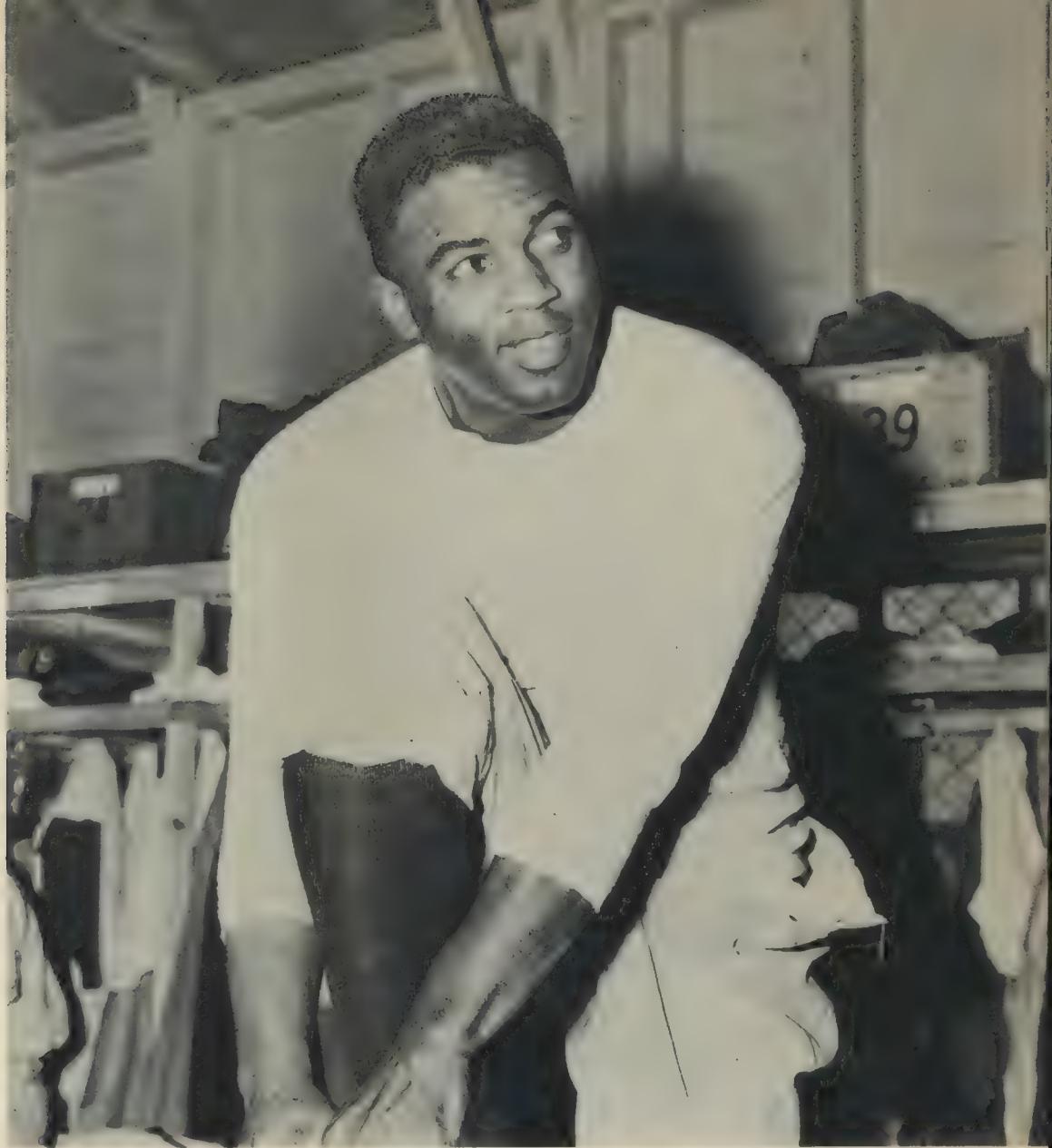
Mr. Aches 'n' Pains hobbling about like a man of 80.

"When will you be ready—for the Junior Prom?" said Pee Wee, his arms akimbo, and his voice dripping with sarcasm.

The Little Colonel is the most-respected player in the Dodger clubhouse. He's sympathetic, helpful, and doesn't often talk sharply. But when he does—

P. S.—Mr. Cripple played that day, got three hits!

"Pee Wee" Reese



Jackie Robinson

LIFETIME RECORD									
Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	144	518	170	14	81	12	.328
1949	Brooklyn	National	156	593	203	16	124	37	.342
1948	Brooklyn	National	147	574	170	12	85	22	.296
1947	Brooklyn	National	151	590	175	12	48	29	.297
1946	Montreal	International	124	444	155	3	66	40	.349

"The thing I like most about the big leagues," Jackie Robinson was saying, "is that every game is a new adventure."

About hitting, for instance?

"Yes," he said. "For instance, how to cross over and hit the outside pitch to right field. I learned that, and it helped me win the batting title. But that's not what I meant."

About, well, about umpires?

"Sure," he said. "I learned last Summer that you can beef twice as much if you don't wave your hands. Gestures make the umpires mad. But that still isn't what I meant. I mean about crowds—and people."

"My best lesson last year came from a little Italian fruit peddler," Jackie laughed. "He had his horse and cart tied up outside Ebbets Field. I got talking with him and somebody had hollered something at me from the stands that day—something I didn't like."

"He taught me plenty. 'Jackie,' he said, 'I am Italian an' they call me everything. Do I care, so long as I sell my stringbeans? We are in business with the people, you and me, Jackie—with the crowds of people. If they holler something at you, Jackie—never hear it!'"

Jackie laughed: "A college professor couldn't have put it any smarter than that, could he?"



LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	153	561	159	32	113	6	.283
1949	Brooklyn	National	156	596	170	23	115	10	.285
1948	Brooklyn	National	134	481	120	11	70	7	.249
1947	Brooklyn	National	28	77	12	1	7	0	.156
1946	Newport News	Piedmont	129	406	113	8	64	12	.278
1943	Brooklyn	National	1	2	0	0	0	1	.000

(In Service 1943-1945)

This is the guy who ballplayers say wears a glove only because it's conventional. He can't really wear one, at that, his hands are so large. But he sort of dangles the thing on his fingertips.

Agile as a cat. Big. Strong. Strong, did somebody say? Ballplayers still talk about an argument he butted into one day, when six-foot Dee Fondy picked on Pee Wee Reese.

Fondy was lifted bodily and moved right out of range. "Here," said the calm, quiet Mr. Hodges, who was doing the lifting to Fondy, whose arms were flailing, feet kicking, "here now, you stand over here where you won't get into trouble!"

Reese kids the big boy a lot because of his shyness. That is the Captain's privilege. After all, he is the dapper, debonair, Senior Member.

Smo-o-oth dresser, that Reese. Never a crease out of place, never a wrinkle in the tie.

Hodges yearned for the time he could get revenge on his little pal.

One day Big Gil sauntered into the clubhouse with a big trophy. Without a word, he set it on top of his locker.

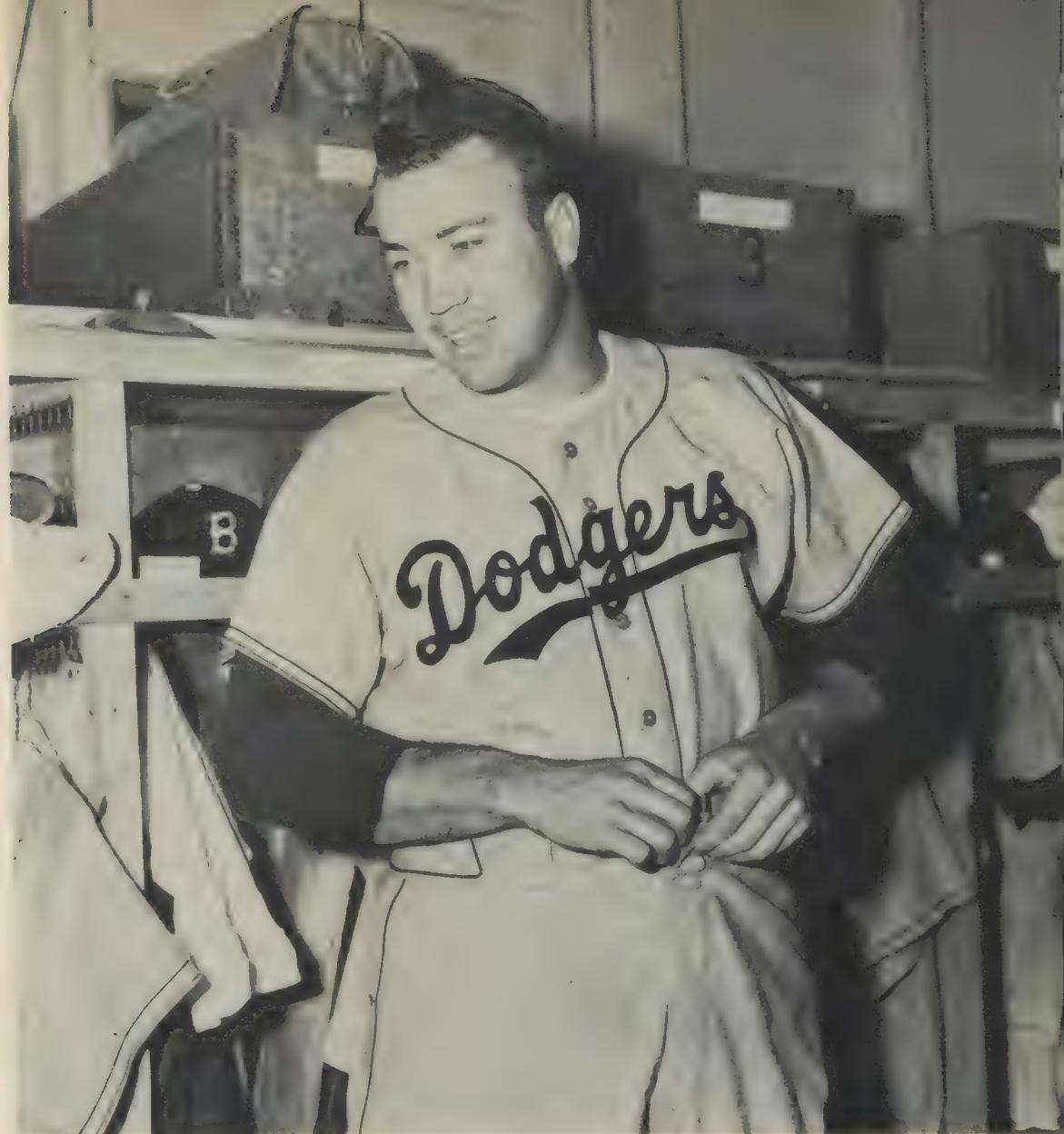
"Have you gone in for wrestling?" said Pee Wee, as the other ballplayers ogled the silverware. "You certainly never won that for your hitting."

"If you're that jealous, little man," grinned Gil, "take a look at the engraving on it."

Reese didn't have to. The others read it out, word by word: "To Gil Hodges, The Best-Dressed Dodger of 1950. Awarded by Jimmy Powers."

P. S.—Pee Wee couldn't be quoted.

Gil Hodges



Duke Snider

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	152	620	199	31	107	16	.321
1949	Brooklyn	National	146	552	161	23	92	12	.292
1948	(Montreal	International	77	275	90	17	77	8	.327
	(Brooklyn	National	53	160	39	5	21	4	.244
1947	(Brooklyn	National	40	83	20	0	5	2	.241
	(St. Paul	American Assoc.	66	269	85	12	46	4	.316
1946	Fort Worth	Texas	68	232	58	5	30	5	.250
1944	(Newport News	Piedmon	131	507	149	9	50	10	.294
	(Montreal	International	2	2	0	0	0	0	.000

(In Service 1945)

It happened at Vero Beach in 1949. The rookie, Duke Snider, and the veteran, who shall be nameless, wrangled over a favorite bat. Exasperated, Duke yielded the bat. "It must be great", he snapped, "to be a star!"

"You'll be one, too," said the older man, "when you grow up."

Last year Duke made a bad play. Burt Shotton fined him.

"So what?" said some of the other players. "The kid can run like the wind, he throws and fields with the best—and his bat will be his fortune. The kid's entitled to a fault, ain't he?"

Whaddya want, a Dizzy Dean without didoes, a Toscanini wit' no temperament?"

After the last big out in the last big game of the season, Snider flung his arm around the drooping shoulders of the man who had plastered him with the fine.

"It's been great playin' for you, Burt," the kid said, "every minute of it!"

There were some misty eyes in that room. But it had to be the Star—whose pet bat Snider had quarreled over—who put it into words.

"He's made it," he said. "The Duke's grown up!"



LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	126	437	123	31	89	1	.281
1949	Brooklyn	National	130	436	125	22	82	3	.287
1948	(Brooklyn (St. Paul	National American Assoc.	83	279	72	9	45	3	.258
1947	Montreal	International	35	123	40	13	39	0	.325
1946	Nashua	New England	135	440	120	13	75	7	.273
			113	396	115	13	96	16	.290

The first time Jackie Robinson was thrown out of a ballgame by an umpire, he had a visitor at his locker after the game.

It was Roy Campanella, the happy round catcher, who seems to be wearing a chest protector even when he's in street clothes.

Campy was puffing on a cigar. "Jack," he began, "let's not have any trouble. It's nice up here. I'd like to stay up here, Jackie!"

When Campy said "up here" he used the same inflection a man might who'd gotten a little of the sun, after years spent in a gloomy closet. Roy was thinking of those tough years.

Last year he felt badly when they wouldn't let him catch the second game of a doubleheader after he'd worked the first in 100-degree heat in Cincinnati. They thought he might be tired.

"Tired?" he squeaked in that high-pitched voice the other players like so well. "I love to play this game. How could I be tired? Why, man, I used to catch two doubleheaders a day an' then ride from Pittsburgh to New York that night in a bus with only a sandwich an' a bottle of soda. Tired? Man, how could I be tired, livin' the way we do up here?"

Campy's a happy workman. He conducts a steady stream of conversation with his pitcher. When Newcombe is hot, he'll say: 'Big boy, you're really firin' tonight. That ball's jumpin'.' His admiration for Roe is unbounded: "He's always thinkin' two pitches ahead. No work at all to catch him. I could sit in a rockin' chair an' do it."

That's Roy's feeling about catching "up here" —a rocking-chair job!

Roy Campanella



Carl Furillo

LIFETIME RECORD									
Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	153	620	189	18	106	8	.305
1949	Brooklyn	National	142	549	177	18	106	4	.322
1948	Brooklyn	National	108	364	108	4	44	6	.297
1947	Brooklyn	National	124	437	129	8	88	7	.295
1946	Brooklyn	National	117	335	95	3	35	6	.284
1942	Montreal	International	129	445	125	3	51	13	.281
1941	Reading	Inter-State	125	482	151	10	76	8	.313
1940	Reading	Inter-State	8	30	11	0	2	0	.367
1940	Pocomoke City	Eastern Shore	71	235	75	9	39	4	.319

(In Service 1943-1945)

Try to buy a high-classification minor league franchise, and you'll find they want an arm and a leg for it.

But this Arm came WITH, not in payment for, the Reading franchise in the old Interstate League. Besides player Carl Furillo the Dodgers also got a set of old uniforms, a broken-down bus, and a half-used subscription to The Sporting News.

They call him The Arm because he doesn't have what normally passes for one. Ballplayers say there's a rifle hidden up that sleeve.

He is thrown at a lot. If it weren't for the inside pitch, the sidearm brushback, Furillo would hit .400 every year.

Baseball code for the knockdown is, "Turn his cap around" or "Stick one in his ear."

When he hears this, Furillo gets angry. An angered Furillo, is likely to: 1, Take somebody apart, 2, Hit the ball out of the lot.

One catcher in the league, knowing this, has said: "Carl, we got orders to knock you down, but I don't like it. When I know one's comin' at your noggin, I'll warn you to duck."



PITCHING RECORD

Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA.
1950	Brooklyn	National	19	11	251	245	66	125	3.30
1949	Brooklyn	National	15	6	213	201	44	109	2.79
1948	Brooklyn	National	12	8	178	156	33	86	2.63
1947	Pittsburgh	National	4	15	144	156	63	59	5.25
1946	Pittsburgh	National	3	8	70	83	25	28	5.14
1945	Pittsburgh	National	14	13	235	228	46	<u>148</u>	2.87
1944	Pittsburgh	National	13	11	185	182	59	88	3.11

The bus, filled with Dodgers who were going to play the Chicago Cubs a few hours later, was rolling out to the ballpark along the fringe of Lake Michigan.

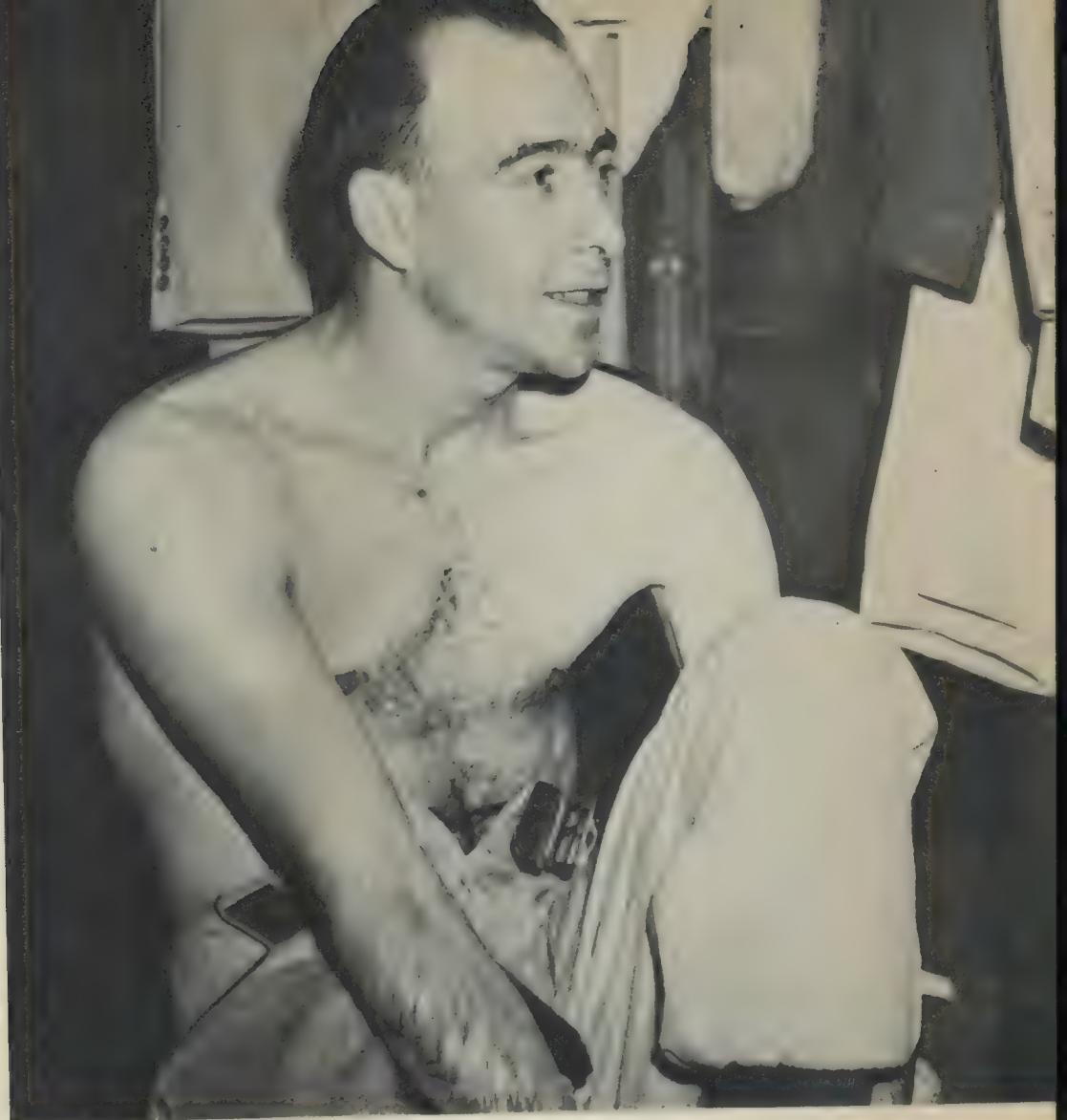
The Preacher, who often sounds like Will Rogers, was reading news items out of the sports pages with appropriate comments.

"It says here that _____, the Pittsburgh outfielder, is hurt," the Preach announced. "Wal, he must have sprained himself hittin'. It's a cinch he never went after a ball in the field. Fella has a little round hole he stands in, I tell you. If the fly comes to him, okay, he'll catch it."

"It was brutal, pitchin' for that Pirate club when I was there," the Arkansas sage continued, puffing on his pipe. "The outfielders was like statues, an' the first baseman and second baseman was like goal posts. They never seemed to git closer together, as the balls bounced through."

There was silence for a minute, and the Preacher wound up his sermon. "Fella ought to pay to pitch for this club," he said. "You kid pitchers don't know how lucky y're to have two big green flies like Furillo an' Snider buzzin' 'round that outfield catchin' triples an' doubles for ya!"

Preacher Lee



Ray Cox

LIFETIME RECORD									
Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	119	451	116	8	44	6	.257
1949	Brooklyn	National	100	390	91	8	40	5	.233
1948	Brooklyn	National	88	237	59	3	15	3	.249
1947	Pittsburgh	National	132	529	145	15	54	5	.274
1946	Pittsburgh	National	121	411	119	2	36	4	.290
1941	Pittsburgh	National	10	37	10	0	2	1	.270

(In Service 1942-1945)

Drop this character into a group of 100 men clad only in shorts who were taking an army physical, and you'd pick him as the last one likely to be a ballplayer. Skinny, almost stoop-shouldered, Willie must have stood behind the door, you'd think, when they handed out the muscles.

Branch Rickey, who contemplates baseball skills with much the same devotion experts show in mulling over a Rembrandt or a Picasso, once stepped back after watching Cox, raised his eyes aloft and said, "What a superlative arm God hung on that man!"

Nobody, but nobody, can throw across the infield with Cox, when it comes to sheer velocity. This unprepossessing little guy has multiple pleasing skills in other departments, too. Running, for instance. Don't bet against him ever, unless a

Jethroe or an Ashburn is involved. Willie can fly. Anything that comes off his bat may be a basehit, because he may beat it out.

And, he hits the long ball. How? He seems to stand on his toes when he hits one out of the park. This delights the other Dodger ballplayers, who cannot imagine where The Horse, as they call him, gets this strength.

Like the storied horse, there is one thing he does not do. You know the story: the horse who talked, and who could hit the ball a far piece, and catch it and throw it. "And can you run?" asked the man in the story. "Don't be silly," answered the Horse. "If I could, I'd be at Belmont Park."

The Dodgers' Horse does not talk. At least according to roomie Preacher Roe, not beyond "Good morning" and "Good night."



LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	94	289	86	7	34	2	.298
1949	Brooklyn	National	87	224	67	8	42	12	.299
1948	Brooklyn	National	133	400	116	15	60	15	.290
1947	Brooklyn	National	79	189	52	7	39	5	.275
1946	Brooklyn	National	64	110	22	0	8	2	.200
1943	Brooklyn	National	18	60	18	0	12	1	.300

(In Service 1942-1943; 1944-1945)

Ballplayers have a nerve-touching way of jabbing each other from the dugout. Richie Ashburn of the Phillies may beat out a Baltimore chop with his tremendous speed only to be greeted with: "Hey, Ashburn, if ya ever get a charley horse you're through!"

A great catch in the outfield has drawn this: "Hey, Diering, if you ever lost your glove, they'll cut your salary!"

Last year Hermanski got it thus: "Hey, Muscles, if somebody steals your bat, you'll starve to death!"

Gene admits it:—Hitting is his specialty. He has all the necessary muscles, and a few more. He's a fine judge of the strike zone, he has great power.

Gene Hermanski

Hermanski is the No. 1 Problem Boy of the Dodgers—from Coast to Coast. Last spring the team was in Atlanta, and a few of the players, went out to visit the Penitentiary.

Walking through the cell block, Hermanski heard a voice from the top tier: "Hey, Hermanski, remember when you played for the Bushwicks under the name of Walsh?"

Gene nodded happily. He recognized that this slight piece of dishonesty had put him on the same footing, so to speak, with the inmate.

Encouraged, the prisoner (unseen in his elevated cell) came up with the perennial No. 1 question:

"Hey, Gene, when you gonna have that Big Year?"



HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

Invading Dodger rooters celebrate 1949 pennant victory in Philadelphia on final day of season—in advance. Fans were so sure, they had posters printed before their favorites' 10th inning win on final Sunday.

THE KID WHO HANDLES THE MUSIC BOX . . .

Gladys Goodding (correct), who toots Dodger organ at Ebbets Field, surveys her diamond domain. Maybe she's planning birthday tune for PeeWee Reese . . . or "Three Blind Mice" when umpires appear!

NEVER A DULL MOMENT !



QUIET, PLEEEZZZ!

Formed by the late "Shorty" Laurice, Dodger Sym-phony is heard all around the league—at least in the batting averages. Many an opposing hitter has "burned" on being serenaded back to bench after failing to get hit.



CALIPH OF THE CLUBHOUSE CATACOMBS

300-pound Senator John Griffin, who has watched over wants of Dodger players for 30 years, bellows like a wounded bull when a decision goes against his darlings. Who said peace and quiet?

FORTY...FINEST DODGERS...FORTY

PITCHERS
(17)

PLAYER	B	T	H	W	DATE OF BIRTH
BANKHEAD, DANIEL	R	R	6'1"	175	May 3, 1921
BANTA, JACK	L	R	6'2 1/2"	171	June 24, 1925
BARNEY, REX	R	R	6'2 3/4"	188	Dec. 19, 1924
BRANCA, RALPH	R	R	6'3"	220	Jan. 6, 1926
ERSKINE, CARL	R	R	5'9 1/2"	165	Dec. 13, 1926
HATTEN, JOSEPH	R	L	5'10 1/2"	175	Nov. 7, 1917
HAUGSTAD, PHILIP	R	R	6'2"	165	Feb. 23, 1924
KING, CLYDE	L	L	6'1"	183	May 23, 1925
LABINE, CLEMENT	R	R	6'0"	180	Aug. 6, 1926
MOORE, RAY	R	R	6'0"	195	June 1, 1926
MOSSOR, EARL	R	R	6'1"	175	July 21, 1925
NEWCOMBE, DONALD	L	R	6'4"	240	June 14, 1926
PALICA, ERVIN	R	R	6'1 1/2"	180	Feb. 9, 1928
PODBIELAN, CLARENCE	R	R	6'1 1/2"	170	Mar. 6, 1924
ROE, ELWIN	R	L	6'1"	163	Feb. 26, 1918
ROMANO, JAMES	R	R	6'4"	190	April 6, 1927
VAN CUYK, CHRIS	L	L	6'6"	215	March 1, 1927
CAMPANELLA, ROY	R	R	5'8"	206	Nov. 19, 1921
EDWARDS, BRUCE	R	R	5'7 1/2"	194	July 15, 1923
LEMBO, STEPHEN	R	R	6'1"	190	Nov. 13, 1926

CATCHERS
(4)

TEED, RICHARD	R	R	5'11"	180	March 8, 1926
BELARDI, WAYNE	L	L	6'1"	185	Sept. 15, 1930
BRIDGES, EVERETT	R	R	5'8"	176	Aug. 7, 1927
COX, WILLIAM	R	R	5'8 1/2"	150	Aug. 29, 1919
HODGES, GILBERT	R	R	6'1 1/2"	200	April 4, 1924
MIKSIS, EDWARD	R	R	6'0 1/2"	175	Sept. 11, 1926
MORGAN, ROBERT	R	R	5'9 1/2"	175	June 29, 1926
REESE, HAROLD	R	R	5'9 1/2"	175	July 23, 1919
ROBINSON, JACK	R	R	5'11 3/4"	205	Jan. 31, 1919
ABRAMS, CALVIN	L	L	5'11 1/2"	195	March 2, 1924
ANTONELLO, WILLIAM	R	R	5'11"	185	May 19, 1927
BROWN, THOMAS	R	R	5'11 1/4"	175	Dec. 6, 1927
EDWARDS, HENRY	L	R	6'	190	Jan. 24, 1919
FURILLO, CARL	R	R	5'11"	189	March 8, 1922
HERMANSKI, EUGENE	L	R	5'11 1/4"	190	May 11, 1921
SHARMAN, WILLIAM	R	R	6'2"	190	May 25, 1928
SHUBA, GEORGE	L	R	5'11 1/2"	180	Dec. 13, 1924
SNIDER, EDWIN	L	R	6'0"	185	Sept. 19, 1926
THOMPSON, DONALD	L	L	6'0"	185	Dec. 28, 1923

INFILDELDERS
(9)

OUTFIELDERS
(10)

"IN SERVICE"

LANDRUM, JOE
LOES, WILLIAM
WILLIAMS, RICHARD

FORTY...FINEST DODGERS...FORTY

PLACE OF BIRTH	1950 CLUBS	PLAYER
Empire, Ala.	Brooklyn	BANKHEAD
Hutchinson, Kans.	Brooklyn, Montreal (I.L.)	BANTA
Omaha, Neb.	Brooklyn	BARNEY
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Brooklyn	BRANCA
Anderson, Ind.	Montreal (I.L.), Brooklyn	ERSKINE
Bahcroft, Ia.	Brooklyn	HATTEN
Black River Falls, Wis.	St. Paul (A.A.)	HAUGSTAD
Goldsboro, N. C.	Montreal (I.L.)	KING
Lincoln, R. I.	Brooklyn, St. Paul (A.A.)	LABINE
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Ft. Worth (T.L.)	MOORE
Point Pleasant, W. Va.	Portsmouth (Piedmont)	MOSSOR
Madison, N. J.	Brooklyn	NEWCOMBE
Lomita, Cal.	Brooklyn	PALICA
Curlew, Wash.	Brooklyn, Ft. Worth (T.L.)	PODBIELAN
Ash Flat, Ark.	Brooklyn	ROE
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Mobile (S.A.), St. Paul (A.A.), Brooklyn	ROMANO
Kimberly, Wis.	Ft. Worth (T.L.), Brooklyn	VAN CUYK
Philadelphia, Pa.	Brooklyn	CAMPANELLA
Quincy, Ill.	Brooklyn	EDWARDS
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Montreal (I.L.), Pueblo (Western L.), St. Paul (A.A.), Brooklyn	LEMBO
Springfield, Mass.	Montreal (I.L.), Pueblo (Western L.)	TEED
St. Helena, Cal.	Brooklyn	BELARDI
Refugio, Tex.	Montreal (I.L.)	BRIDGES
Newport, Pa.	Brooklyn	COX
Princeton, Ind.	Brooklyn	HODGES
Burlington, N. J.	Brooklyn	MIKSIS
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Brooklyn	MORGAN
Ekrön, Ky.	Brooklyn	REESE
Cairo, Ga.	Brooklyn	ROBINSON
Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Paul (A.A.), Brooklyn	ABRAMS
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hollywood (P.C.L.), St. Paul (A.A.)	ANTONELLO
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Brooklyn	BROWN
Elmwood Place, Ohio	Chicago (N.L.), Springfield (I.L.)	EDWARDS
Stony Creek Mills, Pa.	Brooklyn	FURILLO
Pittsfield, Mass.	Brooklyn	HERMANSKI
Abilene, Tex.	Pueblo (Western L.), Elmira (Eastern L.)	SHARMAN
Youngstown, Ohio	Brooklyn, St. Paul (A.A.), Montreal (I.L.)	SHUBA
Los Angeles, Cal.	Brooklyn	SNIDER
Swepsonville, N. C.	Montreal (I.L.)	THOMPSON



PITCHING RECORD

Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA.
1950	Brooklyn	National	19	11	267	258	75	130	3.71
1949	(Brooklyn)	National	17	3	244	223	73	149	3.17
	(Montreal)	International	2	2	34	21	16	27	2.65
1948	Montreal	International	17	6	189	151	106	144	3.14
1947	Nashua	New England	19	6	223	180	116	186	2.91
1946	Nashua	New England	14	4	155	109	79	104	2.21

Rumor got around somehow that the Big Guy was lazy. Not really sleepy lazy, mind you, for nobody runs further for fungo flies, or works harder, on his days out of turn, to stay in shape. But they hinted that maybe he didn't fire the ball as hard as he could all the time.

One day last May a bloop, not hit hard enough to catch, dropped in for two runs. Somebody kicked one for two more. Big Newk came back to the bench and said, "Guess it's just gonna be a bad year!"

"Don't say that," exploded Jackie Robinson. "You gotta pitch harder, to make it a good year."

In a clubhouse meeting, the manager joked: "Don, I'm goin' to give Robinson a big stick. He'll beat on you if you don't keep firing. An' if you turn to go after Robinson, Campanella will be behind you with another stick. So you better bear down!"

Well, that day Newk didn't have his stuff. The hitters began to send it back faster than he was dishing it up.

Robinson came in from second base, his arms on his hips. "You're not throwin' the ball hard!"

Big Newk tipped his cap back, took a few more deliberate chews on whatever it is he munches on out there on the mound, and said: "How kin I throw the ball hard when I cain't throw the ball hard?"

Robinson retired to his position to think that over. A few more base hits however, brought him to the mound the next inning with more scathing accusations. "You're not throwin' that ball as hard as you can," Jackie hollered. "You're not bearin' down!"

Newcombe deliberated again. "Robinson," he said, finally, "not only are you wrong—you are loud wrong!"

Don Newcombe



Ralph Branca

PITCHING RECORD										
Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA	
1950	Brooklyn	National	7	9	142	152	55	100	4.69	
1949	Brooklyn	National	13	5	187	181	91	109	4.38	
1948	Brooklyn	National	14	9	216	189	80	122	3.50	
1947	Brooklyn	National	21	12	280	251	98	148	2.67	
1946	Brooklyn	National	3	1	67	62	41	42	3.90	
1945	(Brooklyn (St. Paul	National	5	6	110	73	79	69	3.03	
1944	(Brooklyn (Montreal	American Assoc.	6	5	100	87	64	94	3.33	
1943	Olean	National	0	2	45	46	32	16	7.00	
		International	4	5	71	69	39	37	4.44	
		Pony	5	5	101	106	48	62	4.63	

Fate has woven his name into so many of the big events at Ebbets Field, it seems.

That day in July, 1948, for instance. Dodgers five runs behind, on a losing streak, in the second division. Durocher has just been kicked out of the ballgame by the umpire. Could things get worse? Yes: Durocher was being fired, getting the bad news.

Just then, who popped his head into the room under the stands? Branca! "Campanella just hit one with two on," he said. "We need a pitcher. Shall I warm up?" Durocher, speechless with shock, nodded his head.

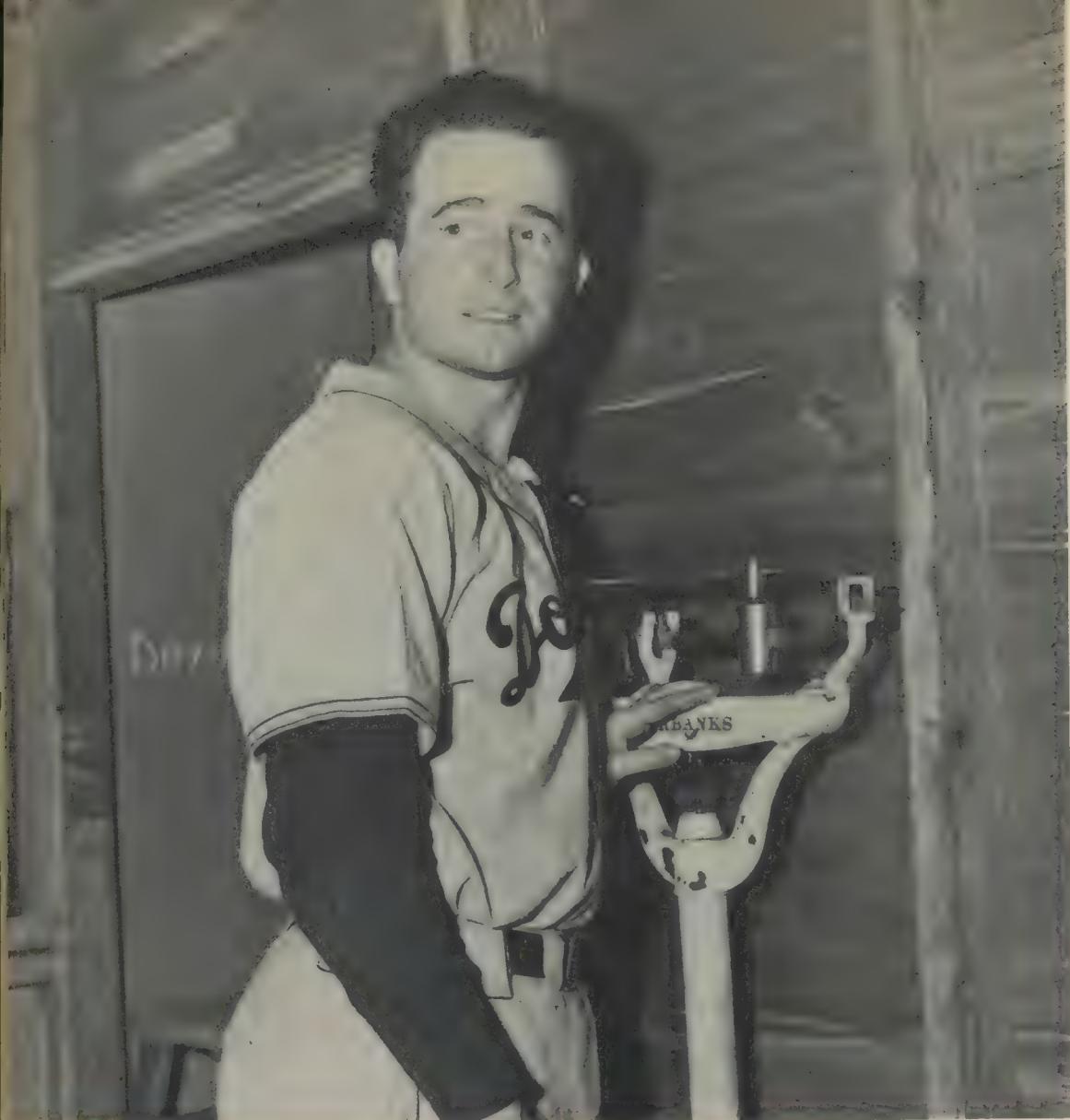
Ralph warmed up, hurt his arm. That sore arm

shaped Dodger history, too. A 21-game winner who couldn't get anybody out!

He fought his way back. Then, leading 3 to 1 one day in 1949, he was lifted in the ninth, and the Dodgers lost the game.

"Branca had a blister on his pitching finger," said Manager Burt Shotton. The blister burst, and so did a controversy that shook the whole club.

Now, more Branca-made Dodger history is coming up. He plans to marry this year lovely Anne Mulvey, daughter of a quarter-owner of the Dodgers, Jim and Dearie Mulvey. A son-in-law of the owners, pitching? What will that mean? Who knows?



PITCHING RECORD

Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA.
1950	Brooklyn	National	13	8	201	176	98	131	3.58
1949	Brooklyn	National	8	9	97	93	49	44	3.62
1948	Brooklyn	National	6	6	125	111	58	74	4.46
1947	(Brooklyn (Montreal)	National International	0	1	3	2	2	1	3.00
1946	Asheville	Tri-State	12	10	181	164	87	84	4.18
1945	(Newport News (Mobile)	Piedmont Southern Assoc.	15	6	215	187	86	161	2.51
			11	8	146	132	98	90	2.90
			1	2	25	34	18	13	2.52

Mound mechanics like Clyde Sukeforth—he rides herd on the Brooklyn pitching talent—often say of flingers who are on the major-minor league borderline: "If Jones could only pick up a new pitch, a screwball or a sinker . . . he'd make it up here".

Somehow The Joneses never seem to pick up that Sunday pitch . . . but a boy like Palica, who really doesn't need it, picks up a Sunday pitch, a Monday pitch . . . one for every day in the week.

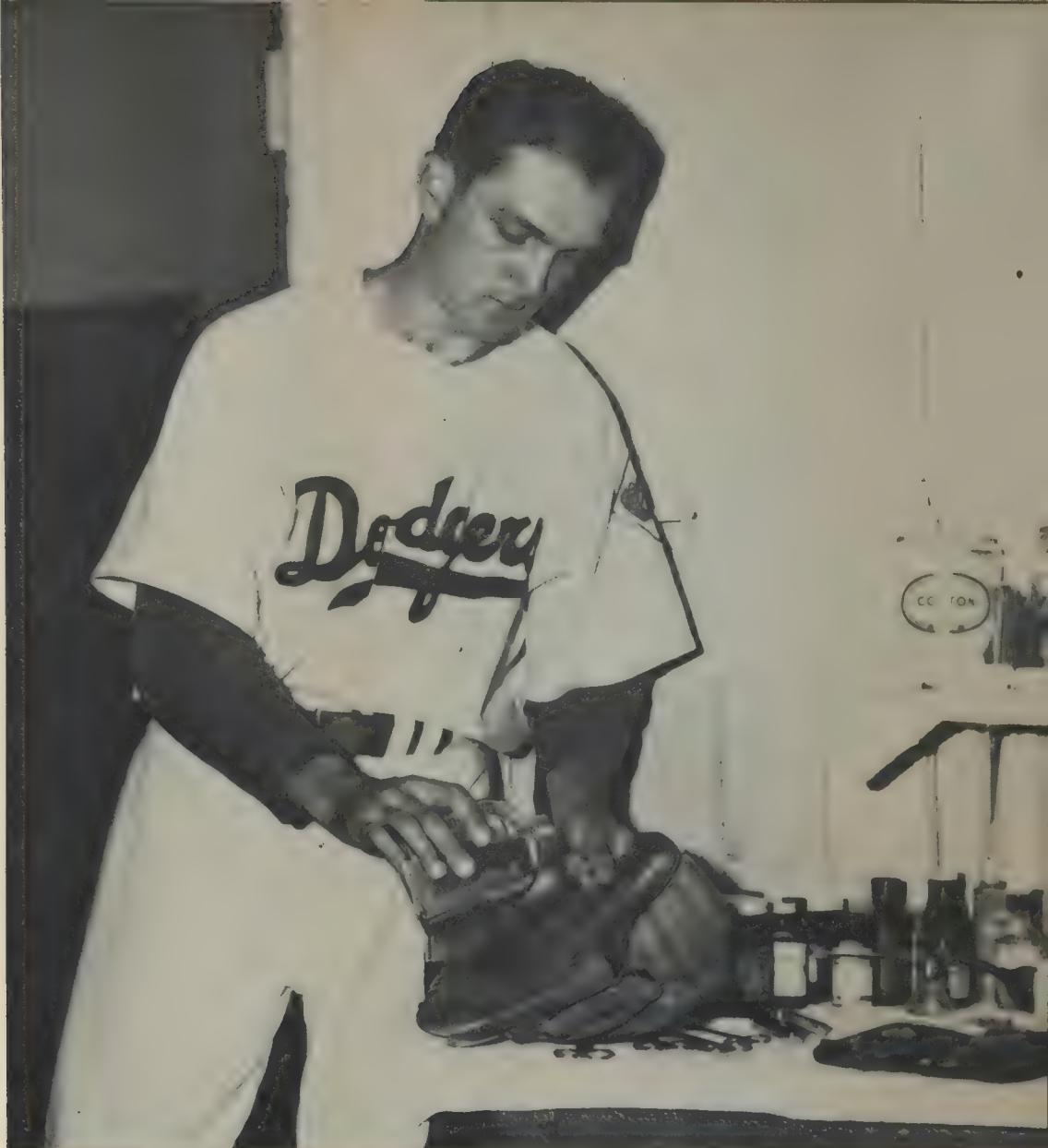
"His fast ball is better than anybody's on our staff, even Barney's", says Sukeforth, "and it is doubly effective because he throws it so effortlessly. Why, it knocks the glove off my hand in the bullpen. He has a great fast curve and his change-up

is fine. That's all any winning pitcher needs, if he gets it over".

But is Palica satisfied? No. He is like a kid with his nose pressed against a toyshop window, when he sees something new. He saw a knuckleball, and perfected that. He ogled Russ Meyer's screwball, and had that working in a few days. Then when Jim Konstanty of the Phils came out with that "palm ball", Pleek stole that, too. You name it—he throws it!

With that arm, and that variety, is it any wonder he exploded with ten victories in the second half of last season. And—here's a tip: there's more of this story yet to be written!

Marvin Palica



Carl Erskine

PITCHING RECORD									
Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA.
1950	(Brooklyn	National	7	6	103	109	35	50	4.72
	(Montreal	International	10	6	118	103	61	89	3.74
1949	(Brooklyn	National	8	1	80	68	51	49	4.61
	(Fort Worth	Texas	10	4	122	86	62	113	2.07
1948	(Brooklyn	National	6	3	64	51	35	29	3.23
	(Fort Worth	Texas	15	7	167	136	80	112	2.59
1947	Danville	Three-I	19	9	233	200	89	191	2.94
1946	Danville	Three-I	3	3	50	41	24	52	2.16

"When Charley Dressen told me how to throw a change-of-pace in 1946, I didn't need it. I could throw the ball past those hitters in Danville. Struck out almost 200 of them one year".

"Then I moved on to Fort Worth . . . and Montreal", laughed Carl Erskine. "The hitters were smarter, tougher. I began to see you couldn't throw the ball past them for very long. So I remembered what Charley had said, about putting the ball back in the web between your thumb and forefinger and throwing with the same motion. I remembered the

change-up, and worked on it".

That sums Erskine up pretty well: He remembers everything he's told, and he works, works, works. Studious, industrious, ambitious. Never says anything stronger than "Gol-darn" even when they miss one on him at 3 and 2.

Erskine worked on the change-up, and now it's the best on the Brooklyn club, one of the best in the league. You wouldn't bet, would you, that Carl himself won't be the best in the league . . . one of these years?



Dan Bankhead

You have to like Dan Bankhead when he says, "I only had one scared day in my life. The day the Dodgers bought me from the Miami Blue Sox and pitched me in Ebbets Field".

He grinned. "When I threw, my arm seemed to stick up here"—he held it above his head—"And it just wouldn't go any further".

Dan hit a home run that day off Fritz Ostermueller of the Pirates. He's liable to hit one anytime. He's liable to outrun any of the fast men anytime, too. Don't under-rate this fine athlete.

Why hasn't he pitched better? "I used to pitch nine innings every other day for the Blue Sox—and relieve in-between. Up here I haven't pitched often enough to have good control. And I realize my control hasn't been good enough to let the manager pitch me enough!"

Lemme see now . . . any answers to that one?

PITCHING RECORD

Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA
1950	Brooklyn	National	9	4	129	119	88	96	5.51
1949	Montreal	International	15	8	249	192	170	176	3.76
1948	(St. Paul (Nashua	American Assoc. New England	4	0	35	34	18	22	3.60
1947	Brooklyn	National	20	6	203	120	128	243	2.35
			0	0	10	15	8	0	7.20

PITCHING RECORD

Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA
1950	Portsmouth	Piedmont	20	11	257	218	94	185	2.98
1946	Clinton	Tobacco State	21	8	239	224	109	166

When Charley Dressen pitched this boy for the first time this Spring, a writer indignantly asked:

"What'd you use HIM for?"

Dressen didn't say it, but the unspoken answer had to be: "We're giving him a chance to pitch himself off the club."

It didn't work that way. Mossor kept looking better and better. He came up fast on the outside, you might say, and passed all the heavily-favored rookies. He pitched himself ONTO the club.

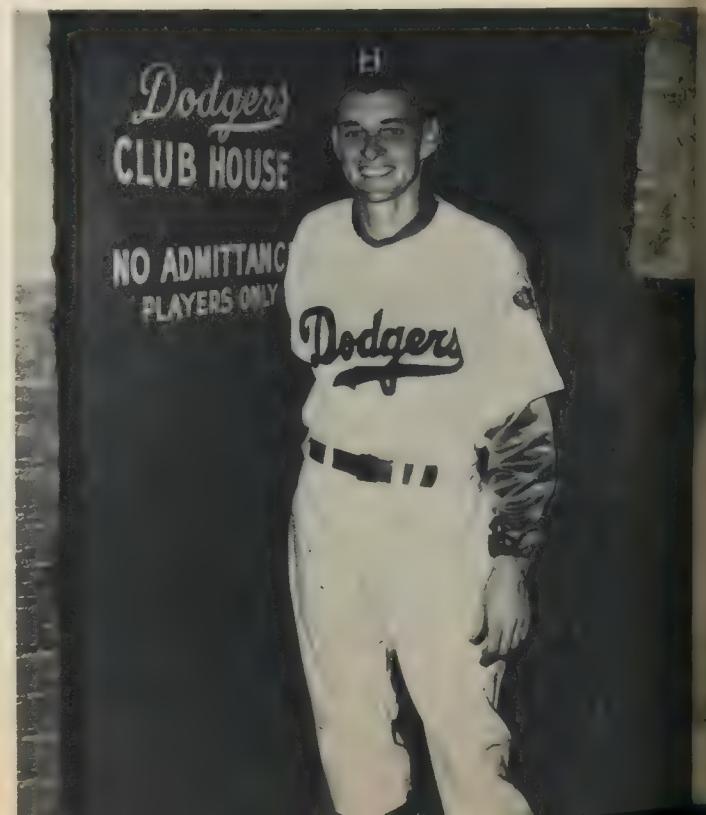
Finally came his last big chance before the start of the season: a shot against the Yankees.

That morning, reaching into his bag, he almost sliced off the end of his index pitching finger: a razor blade had lain undetected in the satchel.

He told nobody, because he wanted to pitch. He shut the Yankees out in his pitch then bandaged the finger!

This is a "take-charge" guy. He thinks he can shut out anybody. Chesty? Cocky? Whatever it is, Dressen wishes they'd poured a little more of that gimp into his other pitchers!

Earl Mossor



When Everett Lamar Bridges checked in at the Dodger camp this Spring, it soon became apparent that he was no Little Lord Fauntleroy, despite that flossy handle.

He was supposed to be up for a "cup of coffee" with the team this Spring. Little chance to stick, they said; wouldn't hit enough.

"The Rock" didn't agree. Leaning on his bat one day, almost lopsided because of the big chew of tobacco in his cheek, Bridge said to one of the regular Dodger writers: "Why don't you give your readers a break and start telling them about me now? I'm going to be around here a long time!"

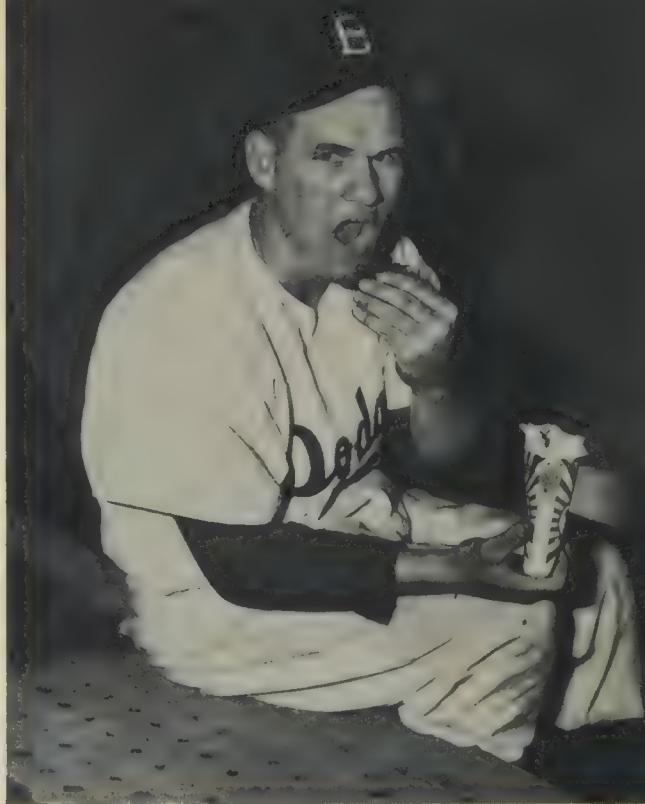
It looks as if he's right. He's rooming now with PeeWee Reese, which rates him pretty high. He convulses the Captain with his baseball questions—and his jokes.

The other day Rocky cracked: "Lend me a dollar, Peewee?"

"You broke?" said the Captain.

"Broke?", falsettoed the rookie, "Broke? Why, I ain't got enough cash to buy leggins for a hummin'-bird!"

LIFETIME RECORD										
Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.	
1950	Montreal	International	153	553	155	5	83	16	.280	
1949	Montreal	International	151	504	139	7	73	8	.276	
1948	Greenville	South Atlantic	154	626	157	7	50	21	.251	
1947	Santa Barbara	California	39	120	22	2	16	0	.183	



Rocky Bridges

PITCHING RECORD									
Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA
1950	Brooklyn	National	2	2	69	82	31	29	4.57
1949	Brooklyn	National	12	8	187	194	69	58	4.19
1948	Brooklyn	National	13	10	209	228	94	73	3.57
1947	Brooklyn	National	17	8	225	211	105	76	3.64
1946	Brooklyn	National	14	11	222	207	110	85	2.84
1942	Montreal	International	4	2	36	28	25	22	4.00
1941	Minneapolis	American Assoc.	5	6	97	105	53	58	4.64
1940	Anniston	Southeastern	7	18	217	268	126	129	5.31
1939	Crookston	Northern	14	14	244	213	143	299	3.02

(In Service 1943-1945)

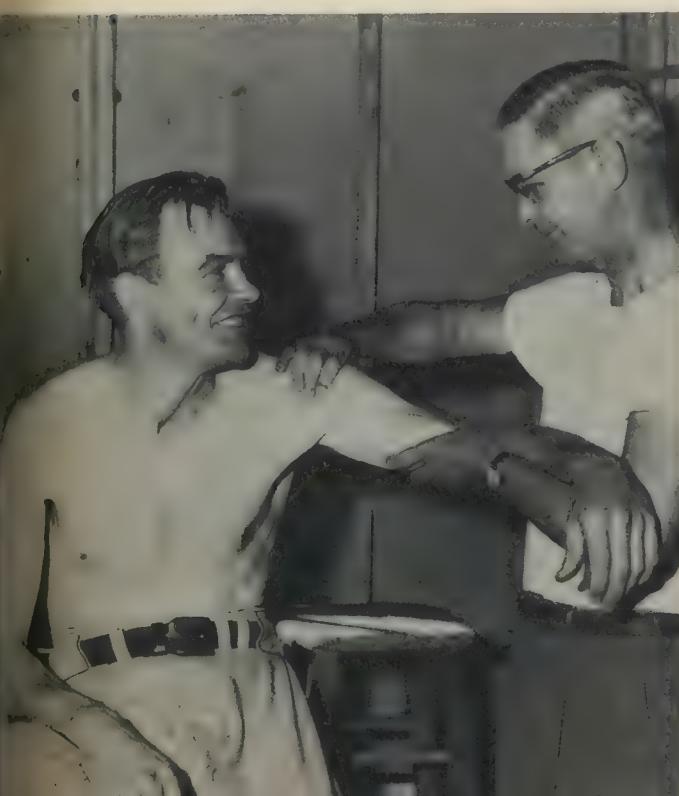
This fellow would come pretty close to winning a popularity contest in the Dodger clubhouse. Everybody wants to see him do well, and he has all the equipment: plenty fast, a curve ball that breaks "off the table", a rubber arm that can throw every day. On top of that, he can run, and he is no setup at the plate.

But there is one other big thing: loyalty. Rumored to be an inmate of the "doghouse" last year, Joe was called into the front office.

"What's wrong with you?" he was asked. "You've averaged 200 innings of pitching a year for the past four years, and now they use you for batting practice only. What's the story?"

It was Hatten's chance to complain, to pass the blame for a bad showing.

All he said was "I honestly don't know. I wish I could be more help to the team!"





Chris Van Cuyk

They brought this young giant up last season, dropped him into a starting assignment on a Sunday in St. Louis, and he beat the Cardinals.

But he didn't get to pitch too much after that. "He can't field his position too well", the experts decided, "they'll bunt on him".

The Dodgers used a lot of other pitchers after that. These fellows had smooth deliveries, and they could field as if there was flypaper in their gloves. However, they couldn't fire the ball like Van Cuyk. The ball came back past them faster than they threw it.

"I don't get it", one old-timer said last year, shaking his head. "They say Big Van can't field. They say these other guys can, but what good is it, with those balls flyin' over the fence like that when they're pitchin'?"

Answer: Van Cuyk figures to pitch more this year.

PITCHING RECORD

Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA.
1950	(Brooklyn Fort Worth)	National	1	3	33	33	12	21	4.91
		Texas	14	5	165	127	77	125	2.30
1949	Fort Worth	Texas	14	8	199	205	105	108	4.02
1948	Fort Worth	Texas	14	7	190	175	113	134	2.98
1947	Cambridge	Eastern Shore	25	2	233	161	85	279	1.93
1946	Cambridge	Eastern Shore	1	2	25	28	16	18	2.52

PITCHING RECORD

Year	Club	League	W	L	IP	H	BB	SO	ERA.
1950	Montreal	International	13	8	182	202	56	58	3.12
1949	Montreal	International	17	7	197	201	67	67	4.25
1948	(Montreal (Brooklyn)	International	2	5	53	79	21	15	7.47
	National	0	1	12	14	6	5	8.25	
1947	Brooklyn	National	6	5	88	85	29	31	2.76
1946	Mobile	Southern Assoc.	13	9	184	200	53	72	3.57
1945	Brooklyn	National	5	5	112	131	48	29	4.10
1944	(Richmond (Brooklyn)	Piedmont	6	3	74	53	20	45	1.58
	National	2	1	44	42	12	14	3.07	

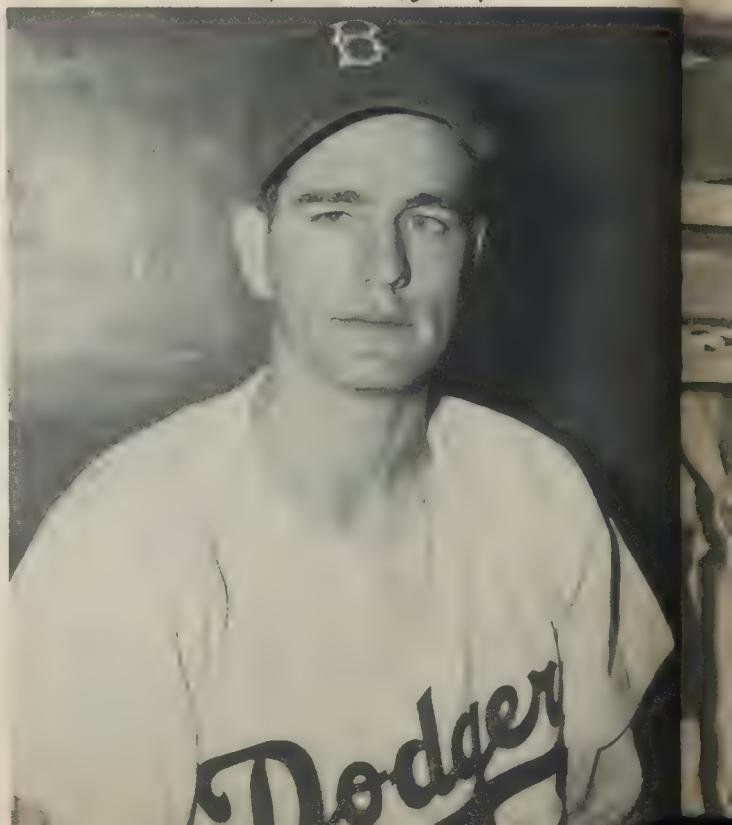
This fellow has all the little tricks of pitching. A clever move to first base, good at the pickoff play, an artist at change of speeds, and a card-index mind on hitters' weaknesses.

This delighted the pitching technicians. But King just didn't get big-league hitters out. He was like a boy who knew all the examination questions, but who didn't have a pencil.

"This fellow's head is two years ahead of his arm", sighed Branch Rickey.

Now maybe King's arm has caught up. The Carolina collegian has added a screwball which may be the pencil he needed, to put across his stock of pitching knowledge.

Wade King



Baby-faced Eddie Miksis was playing third the night bald-headed Enos Slaughter dragged a bunt and roughed up the Dodger who tried to cover first.

"Hey, Slaughter," Eddie shouted across the infield, "when you gonna grow up, anyway?"

That was notice to rough-and-tough Slaughter that Miksis himself had grown up considerably since that day in 1944 when he quit the Trenton ballclub (then a Dodger farm) and went back to Mother because he was homesick.

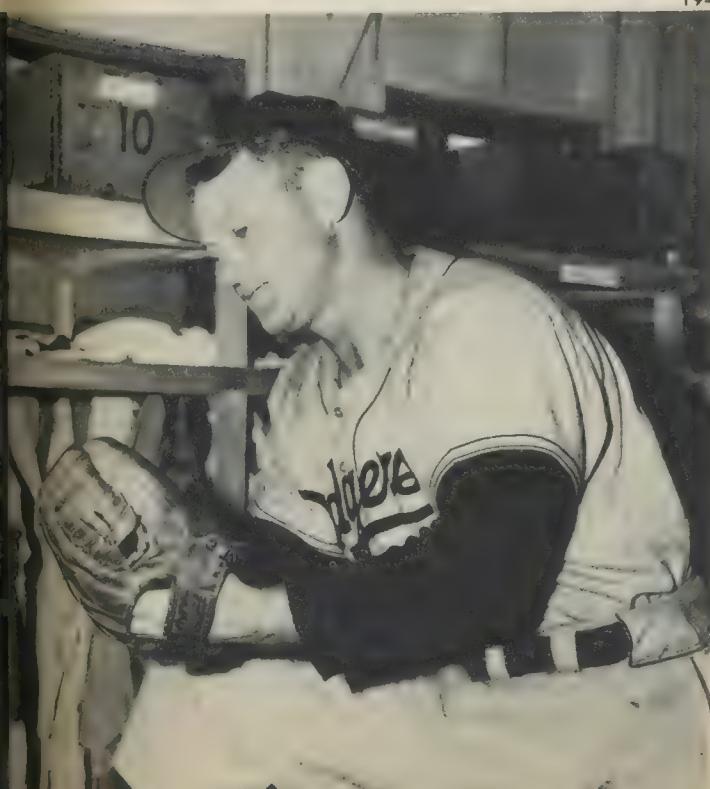
Hardly a trade involving the Dodgers has come up in the last four years in which the name of Miksis was not involved. This means that although the Brooklyn Board of Strategy THINKS a lot of Miksis, the other seven clubs in the league TALK more about Eddie.

LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	51	76	19	2	10	3	.250
1949	Brooklyn	National	50	113	25	1	6	3	.221
1948	Brooklyn	National	86	221	47	2	16	5	.213
1947	Brooklyn	National	45	86	23	4	10	0	.267
1946	Brooklyn	National	23	48	7	0	5	0	.146
1944	Brooklyn	National	26	91	20	0	11	4	.220
Trenton		Inter-State	72	255	68	4	47	6	.267

(In Service 1945)

Bruce Edwards



Eddie Miksis

LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	50	142	26	8	16	1	.183
1949	Brooklyn	National	64	148	31	8	25	0	.209
1948	Brooklyn	National	96	286	79	8	54	4	.276
1947	Brooklyn	National	130	471	139	9	80	2	.295
1946	Brooklyn	National	92	292	78	1	25	1	.267

(In Service 1943-1945)

This durable-looking character is upholstered like an overstuffed divan, but there is no fat on his fire-hydrant frame.

He had a sore arm for two years—a peculiar case which baffled the best minds in the medical profession because they could find no reason why the arm should go cold and unfeeling when held in a raised position.

"We must operate," said one set of doctors.

"We dare not cut into that valuable right arm," said another group.

Henry Behrman, one of the deep thinkers on the Dodger roster at the time, summed it up. "They're afraid," he said.

"Afraid of what, Henry?"

"Edwards has so many muscles," explained Henry, "those guys are afraid they'll cut into the wrong one!"



Tommy Brown

LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	(Brooklyn)	National	38	44	9	0	4	0	.205
	(St. Paul)	American Assoc.	58	192	64	3	16	5	.333
1949	(Fort Worth)	Texas	120	431	145	3	46	22	.336
	(Brooklyn)	National	8	24	2	0	0	1	.083
1948	Mobile	Southern Assoc.	131	487	164	6	59	7	.337
1947	Mobile	Southern Assoc.	154	589	203	9	63	10	.345
1946	Danville	Three-I	123	441	146	2	56	20	.331
1942	Olean	Pony	19	55	18	0	9	1	.327

(In Service 1943-1945)

Every ballplayer has a "book" about him in his own organization—meaning a catalogue of his fine points and faults.

When Chuck Dressen took the Dodger helm, they read him the "book" on this Brooklyn-born boy, who has hit in the hefty .300's in every league he's been in, from the Three-I up through the Southern and American Associations.

The "book" reads this way: "Good judge of balls and strikes, walks 100 times or more a year, fine leadoff man. Left-hand hitter who hits to left field, but with power. Fine outfielder, exceptional throwing arm."

Dressen's eyes lit up. "Where's this guy been?" Chuck asked, "Who's been hiding him?"

The answer: Abrams has had two "jinx" years. He couldn't buy a basehit when he owned the left field job early in the 1949 season. And last year he was unlucky enough to be bringing home the run that probably meant the World Series to the Dodgers. He never arrived. It's a cinch he will, someday.

There's a big laugh in the Dodger clubhouse every year when they make the presentation after Tommy Brown's hundredth homer of the season. Sure—Tommy breaks Ruth's record annually.

It's in the "Twelve o'clock league"—batting practice—that these homers are hit, and so carefully counted. But that won't be forever. And some of the boys who chuckle now at the hitting of "Little Joe" won't smile when he has their job.

Brown's called "Little Joe" because he apes Big DiMaggio's walk, his talk, his hitting style, the way he wears his cap—even the Number Five on his back.

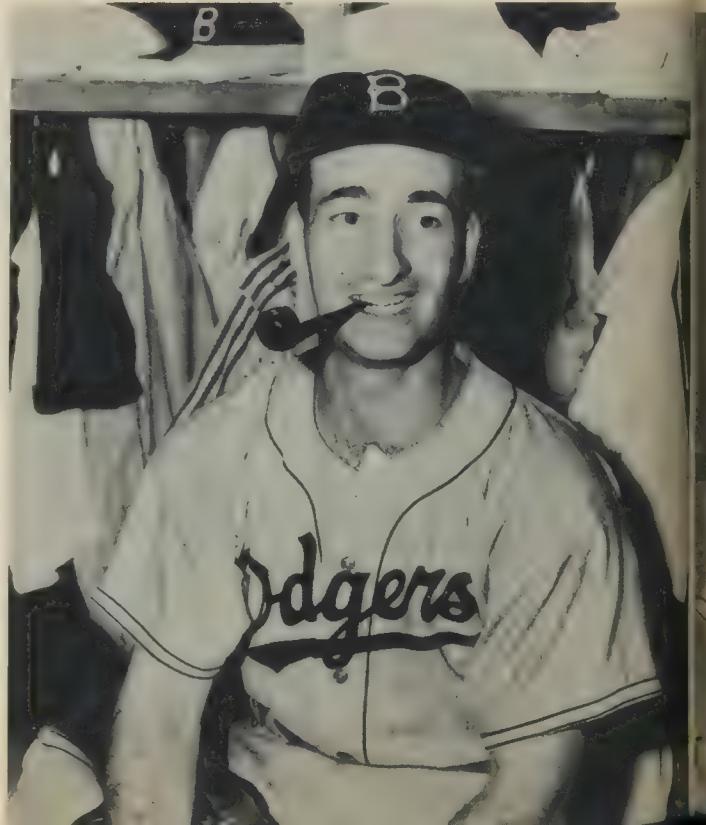
"Put a disguise on Tom Brown and trot him into any big-league park for a tryout" challenged one of the best-known scouts in the business this Spring. "Make him run as he can run, watch him throw those bullets, and watch him hit those balls in the seats—and you'd give a hundred thousand for him in the spot!"

LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Brooklyn	National	48	86	25	8	20	0	.291
1949	Brooklyn	National	41	89	27	3	18	0	.303
1948	Brooklyn	National	54	145	35	2	20	1	.241
1947	Brooklyn	National	15	34	8	0	2	0	.235
1945	(Brooklyn)	National	57	196	48	2	19	3	.245
1945	(St. Paul)	American Assoc.	85	301	86	10	48	5	.286
1944	(Brooklyn)	National	46	146	24	0	8	0	.164
	(Newport News)	Piedmont	91	340	101	1	53	9	.297

(In Service 1946)

Cal Abrams



If you want to see how fate can put a hairpin turn in the career of a ballplayer, inspect the case of Hank Edwards. Big Hank was a smashing hitter with the Cleveland Indians. Then he hurt his shoulder making a diving catch.

The Chicago Cubs took a chance on him, and he was making a comeback with a bang, hitting .368, when suddenly he couldn't lift his throwing arm. It wasn't the shoulder he'd hurt, but the other one.

It happened so quickly, Hank had to go to Frankie Frisch, the manager, one day and say "I can't play against the Cardinals tonight. I can't throw across the room".

Bursitis, they said. Couldn't do much to help him. Finally they waived him out of the league, .368 batting average and all.

The Dodgers got him in a minor league deal. Rest cured the bursitis. It may be the worst break the pitchers on the other seven clubs in the National League ever got.

RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Springfield	International	17	41	11	1	9	0	.268
	(Chicago)	National	41	110	40	2	21	0	.364
1949	(Chicago)	National	58	176	51	7	21	0	.290
	(Cleveland)	American	5	15	4	1	1	0	.267
1948	Cleveland	American	55	160	43	3	18	1	.269
1947	Cleveland	American	108	393	102	15	59	1	.260
1946	Cleveland	American	124	458	138	10	54	1	.301
1943	Cleveland	American	92	297	82	3	28	4	.276

In Service 1944-45

Dow Thompson



Hank Edwards

LIFETIME RECORD

Year	Club	League	G	AB	H	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1950	Montreal	International	142	515	160	11	87	16	.311
	(Rochester)	International	94	355	86	3	42	6	.242
1949	(Boston)	National	7	11	2	0	0	0	.182
	(Columbus)	American Assoc.	121	446	127	4	51	9	.285
1948	(Milford)	Eastern Shore	107	415	136	6	70	33	.328
	(Roanoke)	Piedmont	2	2	1	0	0	1	.500
1947	(Louisville)	American Assoc.	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
	(Scranton)	Eastern	15	15	3	0	0	0	.200
1946	(Louisville)	American Assoc.	1	1	0	0	0	0	.000
	(Scranton)	Eastern	14	26	8	0	4	0	.308
1945	(Louisville)	American Assoc.	34	46	12	0	6	0	.261
	Scranton	Eastern	54	94	23	0	9	0	.245
1944	Scranton	Eastern	54	94	23	0	9	0	.245
1943	Roanoke	Piedmont	12	26	4	0	2	0	.154

At least a dozen different people are given credit for making an outfielder out of pitcher Babe Ruth. It's never really been settled who switched Chick Hafey off the pitching mound, and stuck a bat in his hand. And there must be half a hundred who insist that they were behind the transformation of Stan Musial.

Who REALLY made an outfielder out of no-hit pitcher Don Thompson?

"I got the idea myself," the pleasant Carolinian smiled. "I had pitched the no-hitter in 1945, and hurt my arm throwing a side-arm curve in 1946 Spring training. I was no use that year at Louisville, and when they sent me to Roanoke, I said to the manager, Pinky Higgins, "Look, I can't throw. Will you give me a chance in the outfield?"

Pinky did. Don made it, and has been improving as a hitter every year. His speed doesn't hurt him. This fellow can fly!

THE PRESS BOX

BALLADE OF NOSTALGIA

They write their stories with skill and care,
These Dodger scribes that we have today;
They beard the manager in his lair
Before and after each fearsome fray,
And nothing the man can do or say
From their objective can make them veer.
They serve their papers and earn their pay—
But where are the scribes of yester-year?

Hudson and Miley and Dixon, where?
Meany, Schumacher and Yager, A.,
Mercer and Slocum—and George E. Phair,
Who gave us many a tuneful lay.
Not again his like shall pass this way
Though down the vista of years we peer . . .
Ah, well, my colleagues are bright and gay—
But where are the scribes of yester-year?

Where's Thorne and Vidmer, so debonair,
Lomax and Tynan and Gordon, J.,
Murph' and Turkin, insep'able pair!
O tell me not they have gone to stay.
Camerer, Patterson, Max Kase—hey!
Why am I crying into my beer?
I shouldn't suffer such deep dismay
But—where are the scribes of yester-year?

ENVOI

Prince! I am doddering, old and gray,
Adrift toward the yellow and sere,
To Time and "hastening ills a prey"—
But where are the scribes of yester-year?

ROSCOE McGOWEN

"Our unimpeachable historian of
Dodger games"—N. Y. Times

Newspapers don't get as much mileage out of their baseball writers as they once did.

Only three men "covered" the Brooklyn Dodgers for the first 80 years of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle's existence.

But now—well, after one Western trip, a writer may be lifted off his assignment of reporting the goings-on with the Brooklyn club, for a sort of emotional retreading, or rest.

Chided by one of the graybeards because he switched to another club after making a "mere" Western trip, one of the younger Boswells replied:

"Don't fool yourself, Grand-dad. Trips with the Dodgers are not as mere as they used to be."

It's true that life with the Brooklyn Club might be loosely compared to riding a tornado from town to town. It takes a strong man with a durable typewriter to withstand a steady diet of train wrecks, beanballs, manager suspensions, missing players, fist fights, player strikes and three foto finishes in the pennant race (1946, 1949, 1950).

This sort of thing eventually killed "Father" Henry Chadwick, first baseball writer for the Brooklyn Eagle.

Father stood it a long time, however, for he was over 90 when he died in 1908—and was still writing pieces for the Eagle. Chadwick invented the box score and wrote the first baseball rule book in 1858.

Chadwick, Abe Yager, Tom Rice—who was known internationally by simply "Rice," Tommy Holmes, Harold Parrott (now a Dodger himself) and

FATHER CHADWICK

Press box pioneer

"RICE"
Early bird on Eagle





EDDIE MURPHY
In four-year feud

Harold C. Burr are the only six men who have covered the Dodgers for the Eagle in its more than 100 years of existence.

Even more hardy than these was Edward T. Murphy, of the N. Y. Sun, who traveled with the club 28 years, until 1946. Murphy had an unchanging, dour face (which belied a soft heart) that stood him in good stead in the endless poker games that run in the pullman car the dozen writers traveling with the club occupy. It was once said of Murphy: "Look at that guy; he looks as if his main worry is that everything is going to be all right!"

Murphy did have one lusty feud with Uncle Robbie. For four years he neither spoke to Robbie nor mentioned him by name in the Sun. During all this time Murphy made his own railroad and hotel reservations as he trailed the Dodgers around the league and sarcastically detailed the managerial boners of the man he sarcastically referred to as "Our Peerless Leader."

Some of the reporters with the more trenchant pens sometimes write themselves into a temporary huff with the manager. That is less likely to happen with Charley Dressen, for Chuck is notoriously easy to get along with.

No more trenchant pen is to be found in any pressbox than that owned by Dick Young, of the N. Y. News. Dick's stuff sparkles, and one reason is that he makes it his business to get close to the players. He has been with the Dodgers since 1946.

Harold Rosenthal is another of the younger writers, although he has been with the Herald-Tribune since 1931. He has traveled with the Brooklyn club since 1948. Rosenthal has done Saturday Evening Post pieces about Preacher Roe and Don Newcombe. The Herald-Tribune man with the Dodgers this Spring was Eddie Sinclair, who, like Bob Cooke, Sports Editor of the paper, piloted a plane in the

last war. Sinclair flew a B-24. Cooke, who followed the Dodgers until his promotion, was co-pilot of a B-26.

Heywood Broun and Westbrook Pegler used baseball as a springboard to later, greater writing exploits. They graduated from the sports pages. Sinclair, and also Roscoe McGowen, the New York Times veteran, moved in the other direction—into baseball from the drama desk.

But it remained for Joe King to do the strangest switch of all. Twenty-odd years ago, King wrote a fan letter to Heywood Broun about a column Broun had written. Next thing King knew, he had been inducted into the newspaper business. Ten years on yachting and ten more on baseball has been his stint on the N. Y. World Telegram and Sun. King went South with the Dodgers, but veteran Dan Daniel will switch with him part of this season. Daniel made his first Spring training trip to Macon, Ga., with the Dodgers in 1909. He is one of the most authoritative of all the writers.

Called "Coach" by his confreres, the Mirror's Gus Steiger is not as effervescent as some, knows more baseball than most. A Penn State grad, the "Coach's" judgements on a ballplayer's skill—or lack of it—are not apt to be as quick, but much sounder. He has been following the Dodgers since the departure to general columning of Eddie Zeltner who in turn followed the famous Gunboat Hudson.

One of the more colorful writers with the Dodgers is the Journal-American's Michael Gaven. Looking and sometimes sounding like a magnate, Mike has a vast store of knowledge, which extends from poker to ceramics.

Newest of the Dodger regulars is Jack Long, of the fast-growing Long Island Press.

Interchangeable in the extreme are the N. Y. Post's silent Jerry Mitchell, capable Milton Gross, and the highly-volatile, inflammable and incandescent Arch Murray, the Princeton Tiger.

AUTHORS ALL: Lang, Steiger, Sinclair, Dougherty, Gaven, McGowen.



THE PRESS BOX

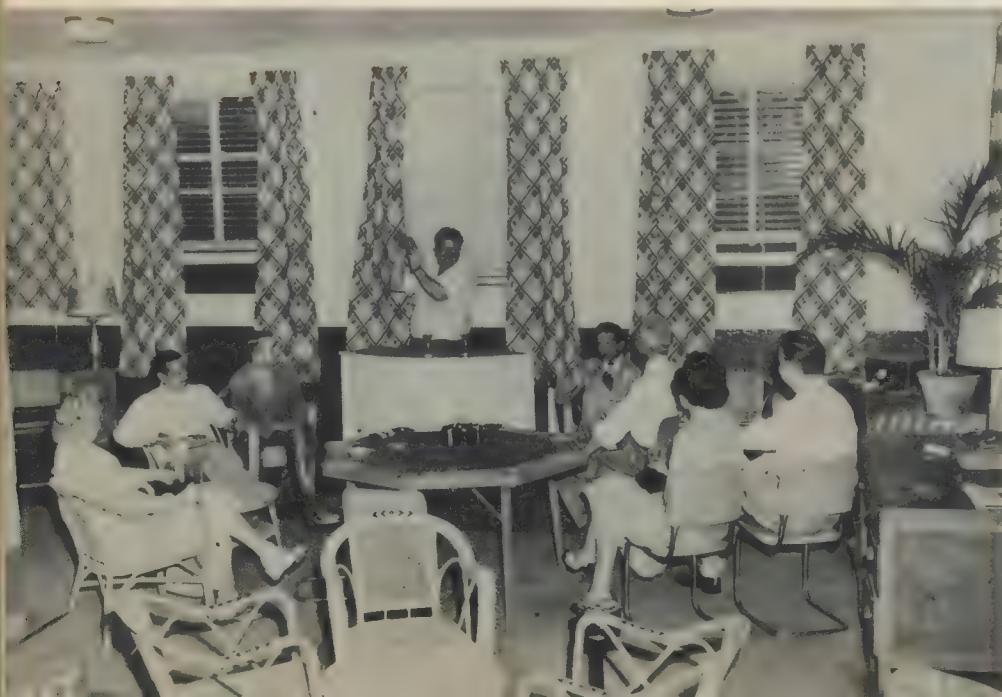


YOUNG AND VETERAN: Dick Young and the Gray Eagle of the pressbox, Harold C. Burr.

Just the opposite, and rivaling high-mileage men like Father Chadwick and Eddie Murphy is Roscoe McGowen, the bard of Rock Island, Ill. Hilda Chester, the Belle of Ebbets Field, once said of him "I know that guy—he's Rocco of da Times." Everybody knows this N. Y. Times man who has missed only one Dodger Western trip (last year) since 1929. He once edited the "Banner" in Walnut Grove, Illinois (pop. 75 persons) in the back of a barber shop for the sum of 25 cents a week, and it was neither a kid's job nor a kid newspaper. An old telegrapher (once passenger agent for the Rock Island R.R.) nobody ever scoops Mr. McGowen, who listens to the telegraphers dispatching his rivals' stories to their respective papers, while he types his own yarn.

McGowen first came to New York to work for Publisher Patterson of the N. Y. News, and reviewed movies. Originally he had been hired to write B. L. Taylor's famous Chicago Tribune column "A line o' type or two" when Taylor died. Oddly enough, McGowen's first big-city recognition came from a contribution (perfect in meter, of course) which he had printed in that column years before, when he was still railroading in Rock Island. Now McGowen, impeccable in speech, dress, grammar and pentameter, is the unanimous poet laureate of the N. Y. Baseball Chapter of the Baseball Writers Association. Looking like one of those distinguished gentlemen who switched to Calvert, Roscoe wishes it known that he never, never did.

PAUSE THAT REFRESHES: Babe Hamburger, major domo of Vero Beach, mixes a pleasant potion for the writers and their wives.



HOME RUNS AND WHERE THEY HIT THEM

Left Field (83)		Center Field (12)		Right Field (15)	
Hodges	18	Snider	4	Snider	8
Robinson		Campanella		Shuba	2
Russell	16	Furillo	2	Furillo	1
Companella		Hermanski		Hermanski	1
		Reese		Reese	1
Furillo	8	Edwards	1	Robinson	1
Brown	7	Hodges	1	Russell	1
Cox	6				
Miksis	2				

Hermanski
(.317)

Furillo
(.310)

Reese
(.299)

Robinson
(.338)

Snider
(.338)

Hodges
(.292)

Bankhead (5-2)
Banta (3-2)
Barney (0-0)
Branca (5-6)
Erskine (6-2)
Hatten (0-1)

Newcombe (8-4)
Palica (6-4)
Podbielan (2-2)
Ramsdell (1-0)
Roe (12-5)
Van Cuyk (0-2)

Cox
(.299)

Companella
(.306)

(WON 48, LOST 30, PCT. .615)

HOMEWORK - 1950

WHAT THE DODGERS DID
AT EBBETS FIELD AT BAT
AND ON MOUND

'TWEEN TIMES



"Can you tell me—"

As the matronly-looking lady asked the question, the young man adjusted the carnation in his button-hole, tilted his head politely, and prepared to be of assistance. He looked like a floor-walker or department head, for this was happening in Abraham and Straus' Department Store in Brooklyn, one of the largest in the world.

But the lady crossed him up. Threw him a change of pace, you might say.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "How many games you will win for the Dodgers next year?"

Rex Barney—for it was, indeed the tall, handsome young fireballer—dropped back a step or two, as if he had just been belted for a homer with three aboard.

It wasn't the first time that pitch had been thrown at him. All Winter long, all across these United States Dodgers try to melt back into the ranks of average citizens—with success. They are always asked questions, about themselves, about their team, about their manager. If the season was a good one, the answers are easy. In Barney's case, it wasn't easy.

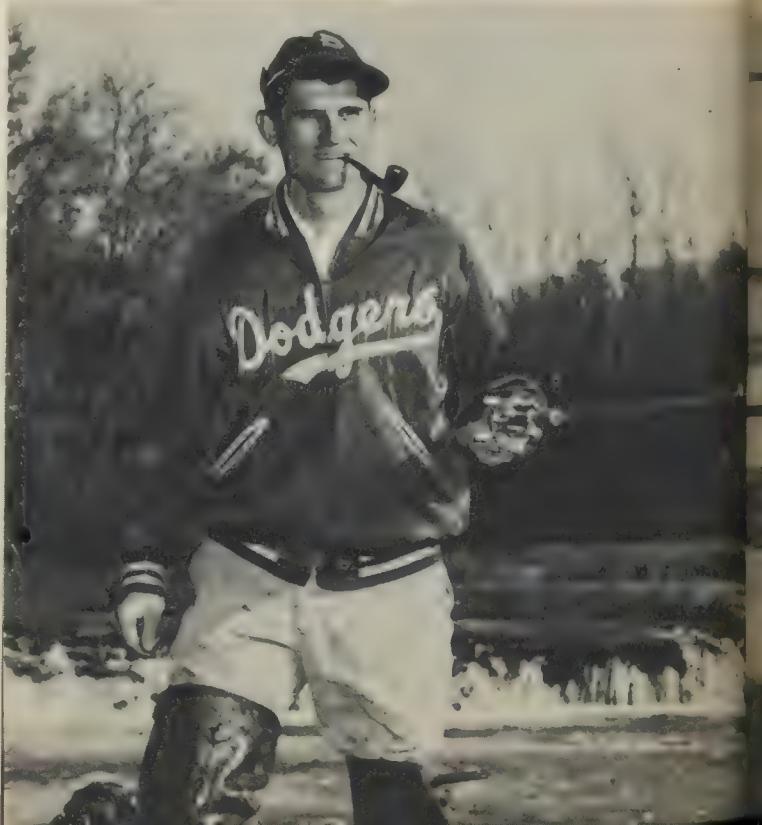
Everywhere, these men carry the Dodger name. In Colonia, N. J., where big Don Newcombe, all 250 pounds of him, rides the Volunteer Fire Department truck, he has to answer questions all Winter about the Dodgers. He has to show aspiring young ballplayers how he holds his curve ball. He, like his teammates, is invited to rallies, banquets, smokers.

FIREBALLING FIREMAN—Don Newcombe, who burns up the National League as a pitcher, douses blazes as a volunteer fireman in his Jersey home town.

In Hardy, Arkansas, a town so small that you have to look quickly while driving through it, or you'll miss it, Preacher Roe is the No. 1 attraction. Preacher bought a drugstore two Winters ago, and for awhile it was thought he'd sign his name with a big stroke through the "R", like all apothecaries use. But the druggist shop was too much work for Mrs. Roe, who has "Little Preacher" and another tot to care for so Preacher had to sell it.

ARKANSAS ANGLER—Preacher Roe at his favorite sport. He plays the league's good hitters like some folks do a trout.

Saturday Evening Post photo.



Two years ago Preacher reported for Spring Training dead tired. Said he hadn't slept the night before. He was asked why.

"Wal, the train comes through 'bout four in the mornin'," said Preach, "An' seein' as we got to flag her down to let me on, I figgered I'd just sit up 'til then in the general store playin' checkers with the boys."

One winter Ralph Branca, who has a pleasing singing voice, took a stage tour. Too many people in the audience asked him why he threw home-run balls, however, and Ralph, who is on the shy side anyway, decided to stay out of the spotlight.

Many of the players—and Coach Clyde Sukeforth—are expert marksmen, and skilled hunters. Bruce Edwards, for instance, hunts a good deal in California, Jack Banta hunts and fishes in Kansas, and Sukeforth traps lobsters and shoots deer and ducks on his Maine farm. Sukey has a pack of hounds, and sometimes nabs a big grizzly, too.

Gil Hodges, Newcombe, Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella all have been Radio and TV salesmen at various times in the off-season. Robinson, of course, has had as many as three and four radio and television shows a week going for him. Jackie did a lot of work last Winter lining up a housing

MODEL RAILROADER—Roy Campanella, here shown with two of his sons, has enough track and rolling stock in his cellar at home to be a branch office of the Lionel and Co.



ALL-AROUND PAIR—You name the game, and this Jackie Robinson and Pee wee Reese keystone pair will play it for you. Both shoot golf in the 70's, play basketball, tennis—even ping-pong.

project he is interested in.

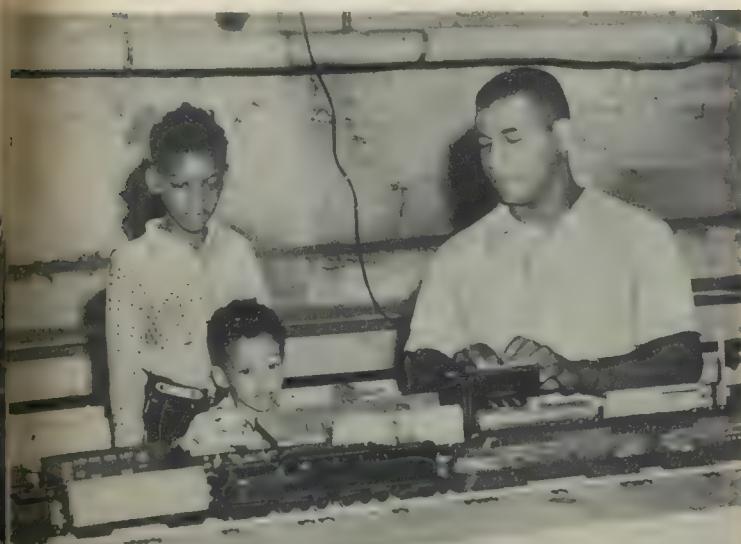
Campanella's hobby is electric trains of all sizes and speeds, and he has several thousand dollars worth of rolling stock in his cellar. He also conducts sports clinics at the Harlem Y.M.C.A.

Eddie Miksis, like Pee wee Reese an accomplished basketball player, took an outdoor job this past Winter, laying a pipeline from Dallas, Texas, to New Jersey. Reese coached a teen-age church basketball team in Louisville, Ky.

Carl Furillo has turned farmer, and is studying crop rotation and terrace plowing to make a go of his project near Reading, Pa. Duke Snider's home hobby is movies of his wife, Bev, and their bright youngster. Gene Hermanski is a salesman in the American Shops in Newark, where his partner is the Yankee Scooter, Phil Rizzuto.

Of course, Gene is asked a thousand times a week why, with all his muscles, he does not hit the ball as often as his tiny pal.

Questions? Sure, the boys get 'em in the off-season. "Why not?" says Hermanski. "When the people stop asking about this game we're in, we'd all better look for other jobs! Fans are wonderful!"





TWO-TONED VOICE OF BROOKLYN—Red Barber (left) and Connie Desmond doing their Schaefer telecast from Ebbets Field with the master television camera control board in the foreground.

RED, CONNIE, VIN AND HAPPY



Soft-spoken, Southern-style Red Barber and staccato-syllabled Connie Desmond have been the two-toned "Voice of the Dodgers" almost since the crystal set became extinct.

Add now to this top pair—and where can they be matched in the baseball end of radio or TV?—the mellifluous tones of Vincent (Little Red) Scully, No. 3 hitter behind Barber and Desmond, and Francis Felton, the "Happy" of Knothole Gang fame on Ebbets Field television.

Barber, whose Brooklyn broadcasts have made him a national figure and zoomed him into the post as CBS sports director, has an interesting story. The self-styled "Ol' Redhead"—although his thatch is more blond than red—started dishing out his homespun philosophy and accurate reporting on the airwaves because of a free meal!

No. 2 TORCH-TOP—Vincent (Little Red) Scully, who will be a sensation with that flame thatch when color television gets here.





Red was working his way through the University of Florida, waiting on tables. The boarding-house which was Red's meal ticket closed for a vacation and he wondered how he was going to live. Then a professor who was supposed to read a scientific paper over station WRUF offered the free feed if Red would stand-in for him.

Red both read and ate, and promptly fell in love with radio. They have been going around ever since, which amounts to 22 years.

Red's first big job—after he landed a WRUF announcing post—was broadcasting the Cincinnati Reds' games, and he spent his last dollar to have his suit pressed for the interview which won him that one. Larry MacPhail brought him to Brooklyn in 1939, and his Southern accent, legit it is too, for he was born in Columbus, Miss., was a quick hit in our town, which is supposed to have quite a lingo of its own. The Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce in 1940 voted him the "young man who has made the largest civic contribution to Brooklyn betterment."

The Barber family consists of Mrs. Lylah Barber and daughter Sarah, age 13.

Desmond keeps it quiet, but he has a crooning past. He was a sort of poor man's Ezio Pinza. Sang Coast-to-Coast with a name orchestra when still in college (Notre Dame.) His dad made him give up the singing. This will be Connie's 21st year on the air waves, for he began with WSPD in home-town Toledo, Ohio, in 1931. He did minor-league baseball and Big Ten football, got to be sports director of the station. He bounced to Columbus in 1940, then into New York in 1942, and hooked up with Barber in 1943. Wife Ginny, son Jimmy, 11 and daughter Kathy, 9, complete the Desmond menage.

Scully may be a Barber understudy in pear-shaped tones, but certainly not in pigment. This is a real redhead just treading water until color television gets here, when he figures to blow a few tubes in your set with that torch-top.

Vin is 24, a Fordham graduate (1949), got his start on the Fordham University station and by helping Barber on his Saturday CBS football roundup.

The advent of big-screen television let large (285 lb.) Happy Felton get his foot—and more—into the new medium. His pre-game kid show at Ebbets Field last year was a quick click, and out-Hoopered all its competitors by plenty.

Felton has parlayed a violin into an amazing career. Let us hasten to add that although he had his debut at age 6 with the Pittsburgh Symphony, his musical career has been anything but long-hair.

He has reversed his field many times since running away with a circus at 7. For instance, he took a degree which he earned at Allegheny College in 1929 (honorary PhD, 1947) and put it to work selling Pop Johnson's Snake Oil Elixir off the tail-board of a medicine-show truck.

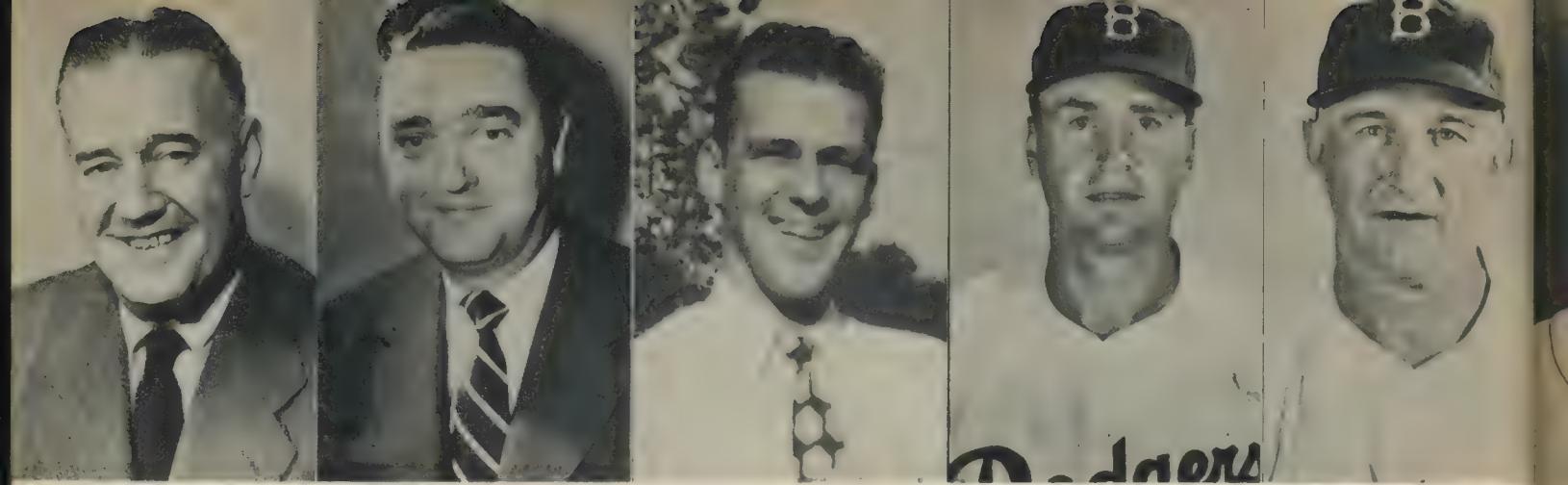
He later played fiddle for Ben Bernie, dabbled in vaudeville, headed his own band on tour for 8 years, starred with Jay C. Flippen in 1941 in a road company "Hellzapoppin", made movies like "Whistlin' in Brooklyn" (prophetic?) ran radio shows like "Pot o' Gold", and "Truth or Consequences", wrote hit songs like "Got Something in My Eye" and even played a villain's role in "Flamingo Road" on Broadway.

This doesn't sound as if he had much time left for family or hobbies, but the jolly fellow has both. His wife, Vi, is a talented musician and composer, and they have two charming daughters, Pam, 5 and Deidre, 14. His hobbies are railroading (the toy kind) and tuna fishing with his top catch a 549-pound dandy (no toy, that).

HAPPY TUNES IN—Felton's Knothole Gang, a quick-click television show before all Dodger games at Ebbets Field, is taken over by Pee Wee Reese, who lectures a youngster while the Mountainous Maestro takes it in.



Baby Ruth
CANDY.. rich in dextrose



DIRECTOR
Fresco Thompson

Matt Burns—Secretary

Dick Walsh—Ass't Secretary

†Montreal, Quebec
Walter Alston, Mgr.

†St. Paul, Minnesota
Clay Hopper, Mgr.

THESE MEN MAKE THE DODGERS OF TOMORROW!

By Lee Scott

Dodgers are not born—they are MADE.

Brooklyn's far flung minor league farms, numbering 19, the largest in baseball today, have been productive in the development of almost half the number of the present Dodger team.

Such outstanding players as Gil Hodges, Duke Snider, Carl Furillo, Bruce Edwards, Gene Hermanski, Tommy Brown, Cal Abrams, Rocky Bridges, Ralph Branca, Era Palica, Clyde King, Carl Erskine, Chris Van Cuyk and Phil Haugstad, are all products of the farm system.

Credit for the meteoric rise of these players belongs in a large measure, to the competent and versatile Fresco Thompson, vice president and director of Brooklyn's vast minor league organization; his two capable assistants, Matt Burns and Dick Walsh, and the hard working minor league managers, whose patience, guidance and deep understanding, played an important part in the making of these Dodger stars of tomorrow.

The Brooklyn Club's triple A Montreal Club of the International League, currently boasts several top notch players who may make the jump to the

parent team before the expiration of the present season and become full fledged Dodger stars. One in particular is elongated Clarence (Bud) Podbielan, who has been pitching brilliantly and effectively for the Royals. Strong-armed Ray Moore, also of Montreal, is another promising hurler who may graduate shortly. From St. Paul of the American Association, Brooklyn's other triple A farm, there is a strong possibility that hard hitting Dick Teed, Saint first string catcher, may soon join the Dodgers and become one of the stars of tomorrow.

For years now, the Brooklyn farms, lifeblood of baseball, have been furnishing not only the Dodgers, but other major league teams with high class talent. Some of the Dodger farmhands who have gone on to achieve fame and glory with other clubs include the fleet-footed Sam Jethroe and Bob Addis, of the Boston Braves; Irv Noren, with the Washington Senators; Kermit Wahl, Philadelphia Athletics; Alfonso Carrasquel, Chicago White Sox; Dee Fondy and Turk Lown, of the Chicago Cubs.

*Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Ed Head, Mgr.

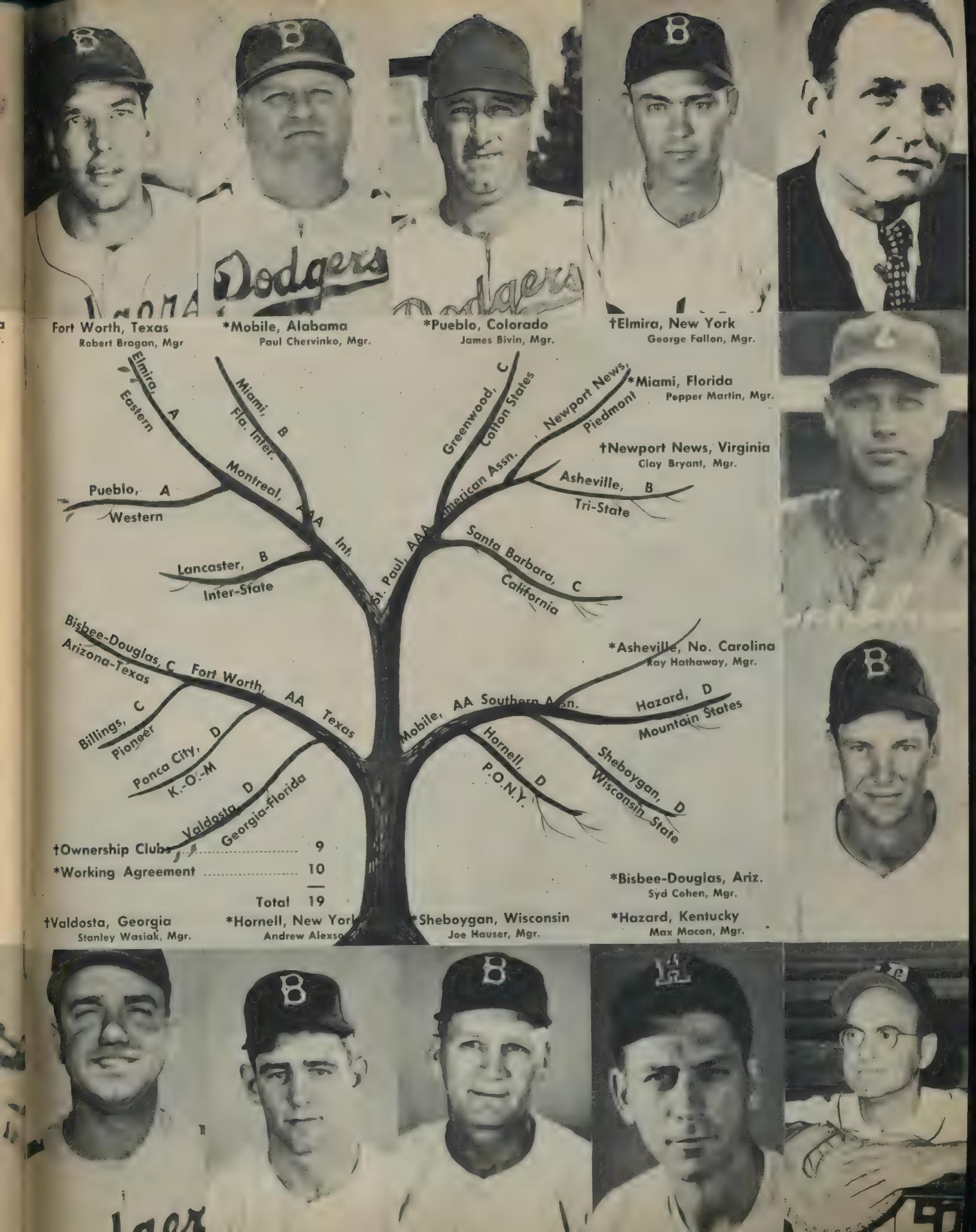
†Greenwood, Miss.
Lou Rochelli, Mgr.

†Santa Barbara, Calif.
William Hart, Mgr.

*Billings, Montana
Larry Shepard, Mgr.

†Ponca City, Oklahoma
George Scherger, Mgr.





HOW I PLAY SHORT: PEE WEE

BY PEE WEE REESE

If you pinned me in a corner, I would say the three big ways of learning my job are: 1, to IMITATE, 2, To THINK and 3, To PRACTICE.

They tell me you can't learn shortstop if you don't own a strong throwing arm (because the job requires the longest throw on the infield), sure hands, average or better running ability, a loose and supple body, and an alert mind.

I'm not so sure. I know fellows playing big-league shortstop today who could be faulted on some of these points. There are Eddie Stankys at all positions. Eddie must have stood behind the door when they handed out some of the muscles, but he pulled himself up by his own bootstraps, thank the Lord.

I know I didn't think I could even make my high school baseball team back in Louisville. The coach finally persuaded me that I wasn't too small, and I should try out. It developed that he talked me into quite a career!

So—don't be shy about trying. If they tell you you're not tall enough, tell them about little Phil Rizzuto of the Yankees. If they tell you your arm can't propel the ball like a shotgun, remind them how Leo Durocher used to lob the ball to first—and how Marty Marion, one of the greatest, got it away fast, but always flipped it, without too much zing. If they tell you you kick too many balls, tell them about me—I booted and wild-threw many a ball-game away as a broken-hearted kid shortstop, even after I arrived in the major league, with the Dodgers. But I always gave it the old try. I never got discouraged. So—don't YOU quit, either!

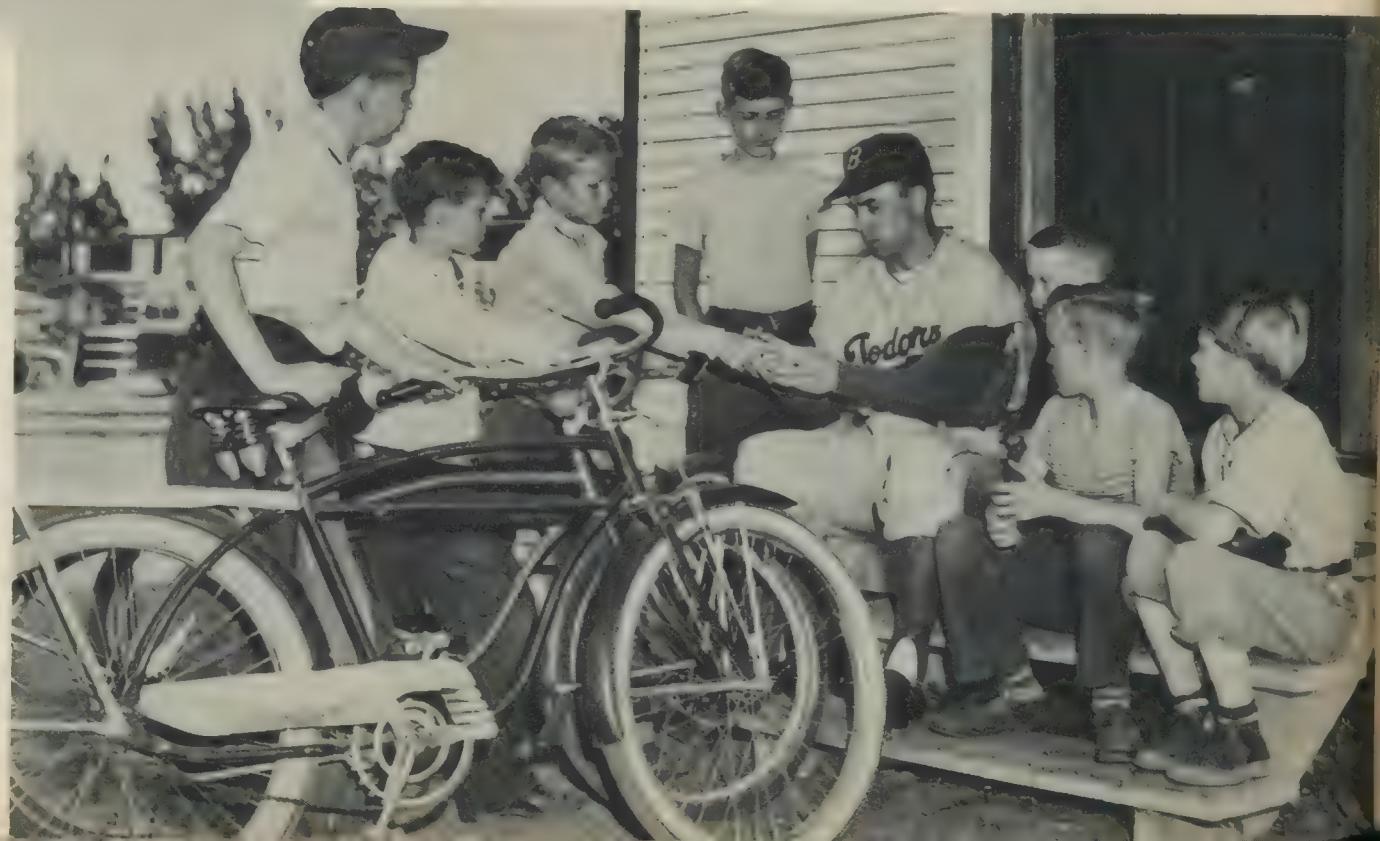
Now, about IMITATING. I've never been ashamed to ape the stars in baseball, and I'm telling you now that I copied Eddie Miller's style. He was always a great fielder, and his big point always was: STAY LOW. He meant that you would never be surprised, then, if a ball didn't "come up" to you at the last minute, but hugged the ground instead.

They used to call Eddie "the crab" because he moved along the ground that way, always crouched low. Eddie used to show me the back of his glove hand—and it was always dirty. That was because he laid his glove on the ground, as a sort of scoop-

FIELDING: Keep the body low.



THROWING: Let's see how you grip the ball, son . . . why, my hand wasn't as big as yours, at your age . . . I was so small I was afraid to come out for my high-school team.



shovel. Honus Wagner did that too, and was famous for the way he brought infield dirt up with ground balls he fielded. But nothing got UNDER their gloves, did it?

I've always tried to imitate Leo Durocher, who got the ball away as if it were hot. Remember—every step you take with the ball in your hand (before you throw it) is at least one step for the runner—and how many runners are thrown out by a step, or less?

Perhaps you aren't the best runner in world, and perhaps you can't open a new hole in a brick wall when you throw that ball. But you kids can all do the next thing—THINK.

Let me tell you how I try to play this game. As a batter approaches the batter's box, I say to myself: "Is he fast? Is he slow? Does he break fast from the plate?" I'm trying to find out how much time I have to throw him out, because that will govern how far in I have to play him, or whether I can stay back near the grass and still nail him.

If your arm isn't great—and Lou Boudreau's isn't—you have to play a "short" shortstop, and rely on greater agility to get balls to right or left. He certainly did it. He has been an acrobatic shortstop—and he played closer behind the pitcher than anybody else I ever saw at the position.

You have to think about the type of pitch that's being thrown, and the hitting habits of the batter. Will he "pull" a knuckler if he hits it, or will he fail to get around on the fast ball? Does he hit through the box, and should I fade him that way, or will he hit this pitcher "into the hole" near third?

Then I—and you—must think about going into the box and talking to the pitcher to settle him down, if he's rattled. We must know the habits of our outfielders, to think to go into the outfield and wave our arms to attract attention for the relay. You must think about the running speed of the base-runner, so that you know when to make the cutoff and try to trap the runner instead of letting the ball go through to the play at the plate, if it is futile.

And THINK, too, in each situation. With men on first and third, for instance, "Where will I throw this ball if it is hit to me?" Will I cover second if he steals?

You've got to THINK a lot if you play shortstop—and you might as well start now, kids!

Then, the last point: PRACTICE.

I have seen Slats Marion and Leo Durocher work by the hour at shortstop, during hitting practice. They were great "glove men"—but they wanted to be better.

Warm up with your second baseman. Get to know his habits while he is learning yours. Get used to throwing the ball at each other's face. It is more easily seen at eye-level, and it is thrown

from there with less waste of time on double plays.

Playing your position your toes should be slightly pointed out to permit fast moves in either direction. The first step in fielding is a cross-over step with the foot opposite from the side to which you are going. The knees are slightly bent and the hands are placed on the knees or along side the body. As the pitcher throws the ball plateward, the entire body should be leaning forward.

Never allow the ball to play you—make up your mind that you will play the ball. Decide at the last instant what hop you will field. The short hop (just bounding off the ground) or the high hop (at the peak of the hop.) Never at the half-hop position or midway between the peak of the hop and the short hop. The reason is that the half-hop is very difficult to handle. The hands, while fielding the ball, should be relaxed and away from and in front of the body and should make a slight "give" as the ball is caught. Whenever possible, the ball should be fielded in front of the body. The knees are bent and the legs are apart with the body down low.

The first rule must always be observed: Keep your eyes on the ball. The culmination of the fielding act is brought forth with the throwing of the ball. The shortstop rarely has time to straighten up to throw. Therefore the ball should be thrown from the position in which it is fielded. There are many difficult throws from the shortstop position. The slow bounding ball makes it necessary for the quick off balance underhand flip and the play deep in the hole toward third base necessitates the long, more powerful overhand throw. Both throws require accuracy and therefore much practice.

On the doubleplay, the shortstop must move toward second base slightly and before the doubleplay is executed properly, many practice hours must be spent in learning how to touch the base with either foot and in releasing the ball quickly. On attempted steals of second base, the shortstop is many times required to cover the base and therefore he must be constantly on the alert.

I have mentioned primarily the physical qualifications necessary to play shortstop. I would also like to include a quality which I believe distinguishes the "also ran" type of player from the champion. I am referring to spirit. Broken down this characteristic means determination—determination to improve on your weaknesses with countless hours of practice. It means courage—courage to meet any attack, whether physical or mental, unflinchingly; and the burning desire to win. If you want to win badly enough, nothing will stop you from trying to attain that goal—neither the flashing spikes of the sliding runner nor the screaming ball thrown at your head!

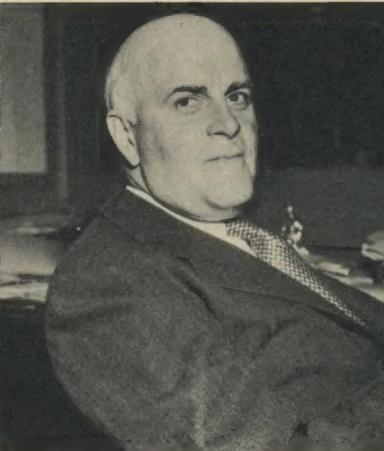
IN THE FAMILY



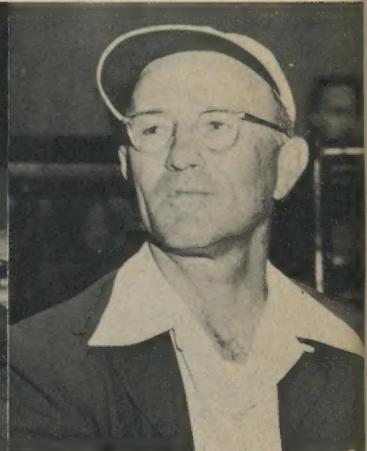
HEAD MAN—Walter F. O'Malley, Dodger president, grins as he inspects "The Strings", pitching gadget in Brooklyn training camp.



VEEPS ON RISE—Seeing Dodger fortunes on way up are vice-presidents Fresco Thompson (left) and E. J. Buzie Bavasi.



TICKETS, PLEA — Jack Collins, Dodger ticket chief and oldest employee (close to 40 years) in Dodger service, hears that please a thousand times a week.



TOP SCOUT — Andy High, Dodger of another generation, now heads far-flung Dodger scouting corps.

DODGERS 1951 HOME SCHEDULE

April 17	Philadelphia	June 4 (N)	Chicago	August 8	New York
April 18	Philadelphia	June 5	St. Louis	August 9	New York
April 19	Philadelphia	June 6	St. Louis	August 10 (N)	Boston
April 23	Boston	June 7	St. Louis	August 11	Boston
April 24	Boston	June 8 (N)	Pittsburgh	August 12	Boston
April 25 (N)	Boston	June 9	Pittsburgh	August 21 (N)	St. Louis
April 28	New York	June 10	Pittsburgh	August 22	St. Louis
April 29	New York	June 29 (N)	Philadelphia	August 23	St. Louis
April 30 (N)	New York	June 30	Philadelphia	August 24 (N)	Chicago
May 1	Pittsburgh	July 1	Philadelphia	August 25	Chicago
May 2	Pittsburgh	July 4	New York	August 26	Pittsburgh (2)
May 3 (N)	Cincinnati	July 4	New York	August 27 (N)	Pittsburgh
May 4	Cincinnati	July 5 (N)	New York	August 28	Cincinnati
May 5	Cincinnati	July 12 (N)	Chicago	August 29	Cincinnati
May 6	St. Louis	July 13	Chicago	August 30 (N)	Cincinnati
May 7 (N)	St. Louis	July 14	Chicago	September 3	Boston
May 8	Chicago	July 15	Cincinnati (2)	September 3	Boston
May 9	Chicago	July 16	Cincinnati	September 5 (N)	Philadelphia
May 10	Chicago	July 17 (N)	Pittsburgh	September 6	Philadelphia
May 25 (N)	Boston	July 18	Pittsburgh	September 7	Philadelphia
May 26	Boston	July 19	Pittsburgh	September 8	New York
May 27	Boston	July 20 (N)	St. Louis	September 9	New York
June 1 (N)	Cincinnati	July 21	St. Louis	September 22 (N)	Philadelphia
June 2	Cincinnati	July 22	St. Louis	September 23	Philadelphia
June 3	Chicago (2)	August 7 (N)	New York		

N—Night Game

(2)—Double header

EBBETS FIELD TICKET PRICES:

Nights, Sundays, Holidays	
Bleacher Seats	\$0.60
Reserved Seats	1.75
Upper Box Seats	2.50
Loge and Lower Box Seats	3.00

Weekday Afternoon Games

Bleacher Seats	0.60
General Admission	1.25
Loge Seats	2.00
Upper Box Seats	2.50
Lower Box Seats	3.00

DODGER TICKET OFFICES:

215 Montague St.	(Main Floor)
Ebbets Field	(Rotunda)
STARTING TIMES	
Weekdays	1:30 P.M.
Nights	8:30 P.M.
Sundays	2:05 P.M.

